NOVEMBER 25c

THE MANY LIVES OF POPE PIUS XII

Special Illustrated Feature

Coronet

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
LIBRARY, ONEONTA, N. Y.

James M. Milne Library
SUC at Oneonta, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

380529

Johnny had me on the spot!

"Hey, Dad," said our 11-year-old Johnny, "which star is closest to the earth?" I couldn't have told him if my life depended on it! So we got out World Book and, as usual, we found the answer—Alpha Centauri. Soon Johnny was pouring through the whole article on Stars. Once more, World Book Encyclopedia not only had the facts he wanted, but had made him interested in reading and learning *more.*

9 out of 10 owners report World Book has helped their children advance more rapidly in school. It encourages the habit of *learning* which leads to the habit of *success.* Send for the booklet below and find out how your whole family will benefit by having World Book Encyclopedia in your home.

More families buy WORLD BOOK
than any other *Encyclopedia*

1st Choice
of America's Schools and Libraries!

Ask at your school or library.

Maine Library
Orono, N. Y.

For Free Booklet, "How to Help Your Child Win Success," write Mr. George M. Hayes, World Book, Dept. 18-A, Box 3565, Chicago 54, Illinois.

FIELD ENTERPRISES EDUCATIONAL DIVISION, 35 E. WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE • NEURALGIA NEURITIS FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Here's Why...

Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Costs No More than other 17 sets!

Admiral 21" TV

43% bigger picture for the same money!

Model 121DX11—
Admiral 21" TV with new "DX-53" chassis in smart, stain-resistant cabinet.

Bigger—yes—but that's not all! You get an amazingly *better* picture, too. Because it's powered by Admiral's extraordinary new "DX-53" chassis —five years in the making. A top quality chassis that delivers strikingly superior pictures in *any* location . . . a chassis the like of which has never existed until now! Yours, too, is the proved advantage of *guaranteed* UHF reception, provided by Admiral's famous Cascode Turret Tuner. But —see it! Discover for yourself the host of truly worthwhile advances that await you in Admiral TV for '53.

$199.95

Price subject to change without notice. Fed. Tax and warranties included.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coronet

Publisher:
DAVID A. SMART

Editor:
GORDON CARROLL

Editorial Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

Managing Editor:
JOHN BARKHAM

Associate Editors:
LAWRENCE ELLIOTT
GEROLD FRANK
GLENN KITTLER
BEN NELSON
STELLJES NICHOLS

Roving Editors:
CAROL HUGHES
GRADY JOHNSON
ZELDA POPKIN

Editorial Associates:
MARY CARBY
PHILIP DOYLE
JIM GUERRIER
PAUL STEINER
GERALDINE YOUCHA

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Advertising Manager:
PAUL P. JONES

David A. Smart, President & Chairman of the Board; A. L. Blinder, Executive Vice-Pres.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. & Treas.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Jack Abraham, Vice-Pres. for Films; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Eiden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription offices, Boulder, Colorado. Editorial, Advertising & Production offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.
Copyright: Coronet is copyrighted 1952 by Esquire, Inc., under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American copyright Convention. Title registered U. S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner, is prohibited.
Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

Contents for November, 1952 VOL. 33, No. 1, WHOLE No. 193

Articles

Your Shrine of Freedom ... TRIS COFFIN 23
Give Yourself Away ... ALBERTA WILLIAMS 26
Wonder-Worker in the Vitamin World ... REED MILLARD 30
The Church That God Moved ... KATE SMITH 33
My Wife Succeeds at Politics, Too ... RICHARD L. NEUBERGER 36
Mystery of the Master Criminal ... HENRY LEE 39
Man Against Baboon ... ALEXANDER LAKE 44
Miracles at Mytilene ... PAUL DEUTSCHMAN AND CECIL CARNES 55
The Brains in Your Head ... JOHN PFEIFFER 60
The Immortal O. Henry ... CAROL HUGHES 66
7,000,000 Letters from the Air ... WARREN DONAHUE 87
The Dinah Shore Story ... GRADY JOHNSON 92
Anyone Can Be Brave! ... ZELDA POPKIN 100
This Was Lincoln ... 104
The Sinking of the "Laconia" ... FLOYD GIBBONS 106
The Noblest of Lovers ... CHANNING POLLOCK 126
Denver Rules Its Own Empire ... NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE 127
I Speak Without a Voice ... RICHARD GREER 131
World-Wide College for Men in Uniform ... MAJ. GEN. JOHN M. DEVINE 136
When John D. Listened ... ERNEST WEIDNER 143
Two Kinds of Gold ... JOE SMITH 148
The Great Bunion Derby ... ALLEN BERNARD 150

Pictorial Features

Flying Saucers: Myth or Menace? ... LAWRENCE ELLIOTT 47
The Many Lives of Pope Pius XII ... ANNE FROMER 71
The Ugly Duckling ... PICTURE STORY 111
Strange Revenge ... INSIDE BACK COVER

Family Service Feature

The Month's Best ... MOVIES 6
Gateway to Wonder ... FAMILY GUIDEPOST 8
Springtime in November ... TRAVEL 12
Winter at the Wheel ... SAFETY 16
When It's Snack-Time ... FOOD 18

Departments

Our Human Comedy ... LAUGHS FROM LIFE 34
The Stars Define ... HOLLYWORDS 59
Open Season: The Sporting Life ... 65
Remember Your 3 R's ... A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 91
Campaign Capers ... POLITICAL PALAVER 98

Cover

Three Cheers ... ERNEST CHIRIAKA

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois. Printed in United States. **All undelivered copies should be returned to above address.** Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance; $5.00 for two years; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOVIES

THE MONTH'S BEST...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

CORONET's guest reviewer this month is a man who fleetingly appears in each of his pictures, but whose inimitable stamp is apparent throughout. His name: Alfred Hitchcock. His trademark: a suspense so acute that it often becomes well-nigh intolerable. Hitchcock had directed several English movies before *The 39 Steps* came to the U. S. Immediately it was hailed as a classic, a story of intrigue so heightened by camera effects and little tricks of direction—"gimmicks," Hitchcock calls them—that today, 14 years later, it is still making the rounds of American movie houses. Hitchcock's place as a director of the very first rank is still attested to by the frank imitations of his technique by other directors. Of his latest effort, *I Confess*, Warner Brothers will say little except: "It's a Hitchcock!"

THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO

ONCE AGAIN, a Hemingway short story has become a screen masterpiece. At the foot of a great African mountain, Harry Street lies dying. In his delirium, all his life flashes before him—the portrait of an eternal seeker. Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward put the imprint of greatness on this 20th Century-Fox film.

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE

M-G-M has devoted itself to an early chapter of American history, the crossing of the *Mayflower* and the travails of the Plymouth pioneers. The result is an epic sea story and a masterful motion picture, with Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson and Gene Tierney contributing magnificent performances.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Radically new as a jet engine..

G-E ULTRA-VISION

267% more sensitive than previous sets. World's only TV with G-E Aluminized Tube, plus tilted, dark tone safety glass, plus G-E Stratopower chassis! Greatest picture of all time!

LUCILLE BALL: Star of CBS Television's "I Love Lucy."
G-E ULTRA-VISION with Aluminized Picture Tube. See the sharp black and white contrast!
Standard TV with Non-Aluminized tube. Grayed down blacks, murky whites. Poor contrast!

ANYWHERE
GREATER POWER

ANYPLACE
CLEARER PICTURE

ANYTIME
LESS GLARE

THAN ANY TV TESTED NATIONWIDE!

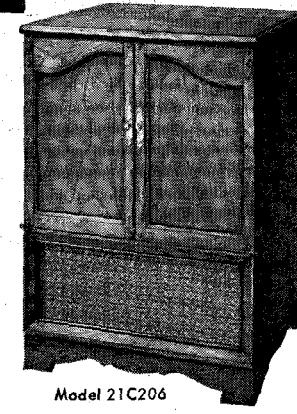
267% MORE SENSITIVE!

BLACK-DAYLITE TV

COMPARE it side by side with any TV. You'll see why G.E.'s new Ultra-Vision is revolutionizing all TV standards for picture and performance. Ask your G-E TV dealer to show you the most startling comparison in all TV! Once you see G-E Ultra-Vision you'll be spoiled for anything less. *General Electric Company, Syracuse, N. Y.*

G-E TV prices start at $199.95*

**Including Federal Excise Tax and One-Year Factory warranty on picture tube and 90 days on parts. Prices subject to change without notice.*



Model 21C206

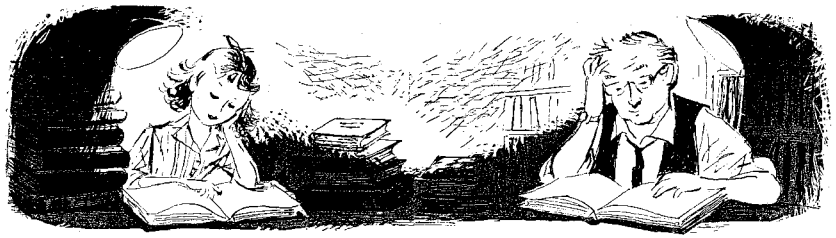
You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAMILY GUIDEPOST

GATEWAY TO WONDER



A GOOD BOOK is the best of friends, the same today and forever. But not enough of us seem to remember this helpful fact.

Just think for a moment what books mean to mankind. They are the repository of all our accumulated knowledge and wisdom. If mankind were to be wiped out in some unimaginable catastrophe and only books remained, it would be possible to recreate civilization from their printed pages. No home is complete without its books, and no family is well-rounded which doesn't like to read.

Those parents who have grown to maturity with books always take care to pass the gift on to their children. It isn't difficult, once you show them that reading need not be a chore but a gateway to wonder. Whatever a child likes to do, the right books can help him or her do it better.

And just because books offer so much to young and old alike, every home should have its own library. It need not be a formal place, lined with leather-bound tomes. Any room in the house where you keep your books becomes the library. But let it be the place where everyone, from Grandpa to little Mary Jane, can take a ticket to the marvelous world between covers.

To anyone starting a family library, I would say simply: never mind the "Ten Best" this or the "Hundred Best" that. Get the books you like. If you think *War and Peace* is the greatest novel ever written, give it a place of honor. And if Shakespeare and the *Bible* and *Pickwick Papers* mean to you what they mean to most folks, get them, too.

The home library should reflect the taste of every member of the family. We don't all like the same books any more than we do the same pictures or music. Hence, when any one person imposes his choice of books on the library to the exclusion of others, it ceases to be a family library. It's infinitely better to let your books speak for all of you.

If Johnny likes Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, find a spot for them on the shelves. That's Johnny's corner of the library (of course, Mary Jane should have hers, too). It's astonishing what charm a historical romance like *Gone with the Wind* has for those who come upon it for the first time. As for new books, if you follow the best-seller lists or belong to a good book club, you will find it easy to pick out such worth-while titles as *The Sea Around Us* or *The Caine Mutiny*. And remember, the base of every library should be at least one up-to-date reference work like an encyclopedia, useful for old and young alike.

For a nation as large as ours, we do not do enough reading. There are many reasons we ought to make more use of books. After all, they aren't very demanding. All they ask is that we keep them within reach. Their magic will do the rest. —John Barkham

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flaming Love

that set ablaze history's most sin-swept era!

GABRIEL PASCAL presents

BERNARD SHAW'S

"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"

starring

JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE

ROBERT NEWTON · MAURICE EVANS

and ALAN YOUNG as Androcles

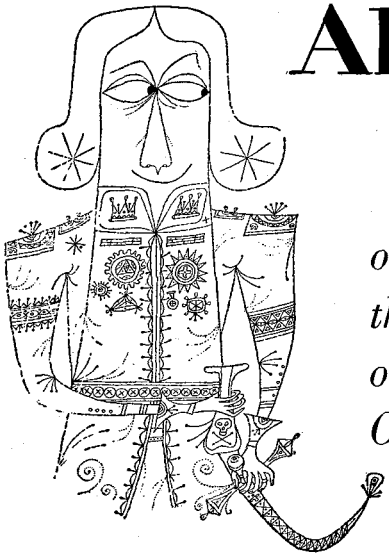
Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE THEATRE

Produced by GABRIEL PASCAL • Directed by CHESTER ERSKINE

Screen Adaptation by CHESTER ERSKINE and KEN ENGLUND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



All Women Do It,

or, the things that go on at the Opera

THE UPSETTING THING about opera, in our experience, is to have the fellow in the next seat laugh appreciatively in the middle of an aria in Italian or French, which we do not understand, thus making it painfully clear that (1) we are missing something, (2) he is cultured, and (3) we are not. In our narrow, unilingual way, we've sometimes suspected that there must be special libretti available in the black market which tell you when to chuckle at the opera in order to seem like a cosmopolitan chap, and possibly a Rhodes scholar, but we've never been able to get our hands on one of these.

So we were genuinely grateful last year when Rudolf Bing, manager of the Metropolitan Opera, decided to strike a blow for all us handicapped citizens who like opera but don't understand the words. Mr. Bing ordered a relaxed English translation of Mozart's racy opera, *Cosi Fan Tutte*, which deals with a couple of cavaliers who get worried about the possible unfaithfulness of their girl friends, pretend to start off to war, and return in disguise to put the ladies to the test. As merrily staged by Alfred Lunt, *Cosi* in English proved that classic opera, once the language bars were down, could be at least as appealing as *South Pacific* or *Oklahoma*.

Now Columbia Records, which plumes itself upon its exclusive right to record performances of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has put the complete goings-on on "LP" records. To celebrate the occasion, we decided to look up the early his-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory of *Cosi*. We herewith offer the results of our researches to prospective buyers of the records as an easy means of impressing their friends.

TO BEGIN WITH, "cosi fan tutte" means literally, "all women do it," but this translation proved to be unacceptable to the Schirmer people, who published the work, so the official title in English is *Women Are Like That*. There have been other English translations, all of them old, stiff, and filled with awkward phrases that are the despair of singers. The present translation, by Ruth and Thomas Martin, is exceptional not only in being comfortably singable, but in preserving a certain twinkle of sophistication and stately absurdity which, so our bilingual aides assure us, are among the charms of the original Italian script by Lorenzo Da Ponte.

"Cosi" was written on orders from Emperor Josef II of Austria, and first performed in 1780. It is to be presumed that the Emperor, being a good Viennese and not averse to a bit of chaffing at the expense of the girls, enjoyed it thoroughly; but the musical world outside the palace gates was, or pretended to be, shocked by its cynicism. Most critics, insisting that *not* all women do it, found the music delightful and the libretto caddish, and for the next hundred years it was fashionable to regard *Cosi* as the offspring of good parents who had gone unaccountably to the dogs.

Various attempts were made to "reform" the opera, some of them marvelous in their absurdity. For example, in 1863, a couple of librettists tried to fit the music to a French version of Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*. Early in the present century, a singer at the Dresden opera house adapted it to some Spanish play or other. Fortunately, time, changing mores and Mr. Bing have combined to put an end to all this nonsense, and it is now possible to enjoy Mozart's politely raffish comedy in the same spirit as it was heard by Emperor Josef, who footed the bills.

The complete performance is on three 12-inch Columbia "LP" Records and features Eleanor Steber, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, Blanche Thebom, Roberta Peters, Lorenzo Alvary with Fritz Stiedry conducting the Chorus and Orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Association; Kurt Adler, Chorus Master.

We think you'll be very happy with them.

COLUMBIA RECORDS has made quite a thing of *complete* recorded performances of standard operas, all done by the Met. Other items in the repertory, besides "Cosi", are Fledermaus (in English), Hansel and Gretel (in English), La Bohême, Madame Butterfly, Faust, Pagliacci. The Metropolitan Opera Association is heard *exclusively* on Columbia Records—originator of "LP", the modern long playing record.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

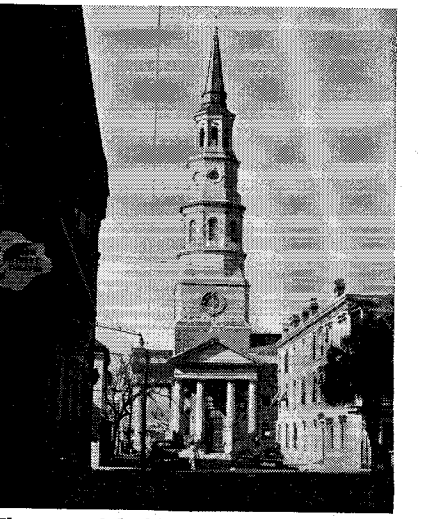
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL

Springtime in November

It's "Aloha" time in Hawaii: Diamond Head symbolizes warm days, romantic nights.

Arizona is a land of magnificent vistas, historic ruins and eternal Spring. November is State Fair time in Phoenix.



The graceful Old South still lives in Charleston, South Carolina. Its lures are shrines, waterways and sunshine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Lifetime Investment in Happiness

LIONEL TRAINS

Every boy wants trains . . . and what he means by trains is LIONEL, the world's finest for more than 50 years. You'll make this Christmas the most joyful in his life . . . and give him thrills for years to come . . . with the smoke-puffing, whistle-tooting realism of Lionel Trains. Remember, only Lionel has real R.R. operating Knuckle Couplers, Die-Cast Trucks, Solid Steel Wheels . . . built to look and act *and last* like the real thing. Take your boy, see Lionel Trains in action, at your nearest dealer's.

WANT A REAL ENGINEER'S CAP LIKE THIS FOR YOUR BOY?

Official Engineer's Cap, in striped denim, plus 5 R.R. insignia emblems to wear on it, *together with Catalog, Rule Book and Building Kit* all for only 50¢!
See special coupon offer below

SPECIAL COUPON OFFER

LIONEL TRAINS, P.O. Box 9, Dept. CCC, New York 46, N. Y.

☐ I enclose 25¢ for catalog offer below—

1. The new 36 page full color Lionel Catalog
2. Rule Book (including signals) for Model Railroaders
3. Model R. R. Town Building Kit—Stores, etc.,

OR

☐ I enclose 50¢ for catalog offer above plus engineer's cap

Check cap size here ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY DAND

...USE STEPHAN'S—SOLD BY BEAUTICIANS

FREE!

SEND NOW for fascinating FREE BOOKLET containing the story of hair and valuable tips on hair care. _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUFF?

AND BARBERS ONLY

Stephan's

DANDRUFF REMOVER HAIR LOTION

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM LOOSE DANDRUFF

Stephan Distributing Corp. Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

STEPHAN'S, G. P. O. Box 1199, New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE 20 page booklet, "The Amazing Story of Hair."

NAME_____

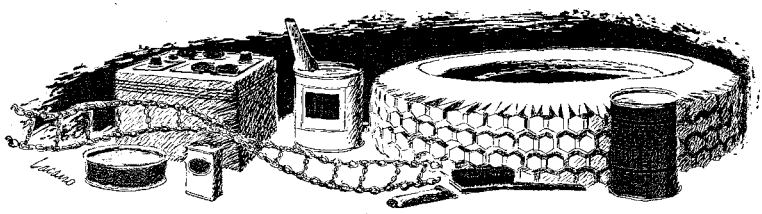
ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAFETY

Winter at the Wheel



WANT TO MAKE winter driving easier and safer? It can be done—if you know the secret of car maintenance. Here are ten simple tricks that will give you top performance, even in below-freezing weather.

1. Whether you winterize your car or have the local garage do it, be certain the battery is tested for a full charge. It has to be strong enough to stand the strains of winter driving, despite the fact that cold weather slows up its chemical action. Also, be sure that the voltage-regulator and generator are working efficiently.

2. Check battery cables and wires, and replace any which are worn. To finish the job, clean the terminals, coat them with grease, and see that the battery is held securely in its cradle.

3. Remove dirt, leaves or refuse from in front of the radiator. Autumn driving, particularly over country roads, is likely to plaster the front of the car. A clear flow of air is absolutely necessary for efficient winter operation.

4. A good permanent anti-freeze will protect your car against freeze-ups. Have it added before dangerously cold weather starts. Cars driven at high altitudes, or where the mercury plunges to 30 below, may need an anti-freeze which gives extra protection.

5. When filling the radiator, leave a little room at the top. The liquid will expand as the car heats up, and may overflow if the water, in the first place, came right up to the cap.

6. Don't add undiluted anti-freeze to the radiator. If replenishing is necessary, be sure it's mixed with water in the same proportion as the original.

7. Racing the motor when you're stuck on ice or snow will ruin the tires. Take it easy.

8. To eliminate drafts, check the sponge-rubber gaskets between the doors and body of the car. The lip of the door often becomes caked with rust and rips the gasket so that cold air whistles in. Your garage man can replace the gaskets—or you can do the job yourself. Scrape the rust off the doors with a wire brush, then remove the gummy gasket with a putty knife. Repaint the door lip, to keep it from rusting again. Most service stations sell new gaskets, which are easily cemented into place.

9. Protect the door locks from freezing by dropping into them a solution of 95 per cent carbon tetrachloride and 5 per cent paraffin. If the lock is in the door handle, keep moisture from collecting by slipping the finger of a rubber glove over it in bad weather.

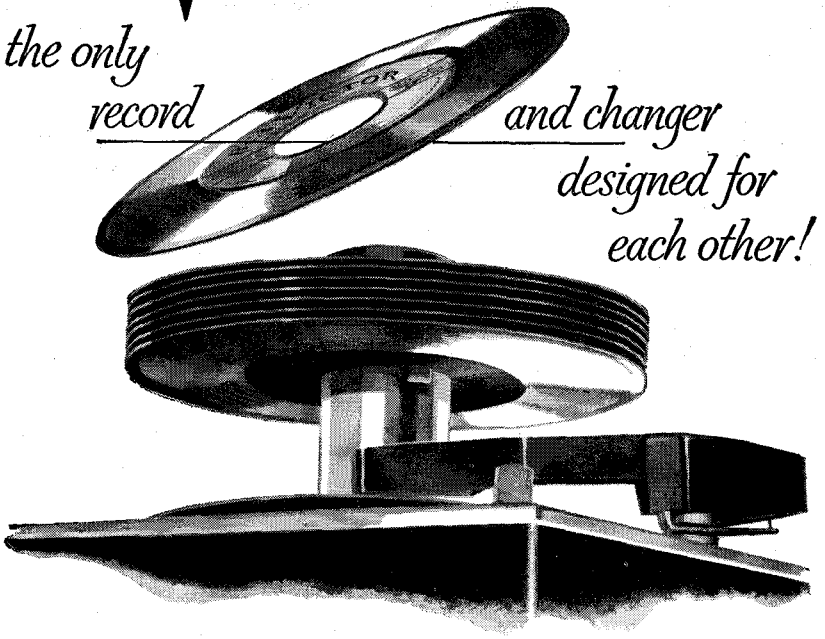
10. One way to avoid cold-morning starting problems is by using a dipstick oil heater. This fits into the oil intake hole and keeps the lubricant—and the car—warm all night. It plugs into any electrical socket or extension cord.

—GERALD NELSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"VICTROLA" 45

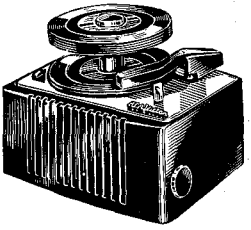
the only record and changer designed for each other!



World's Most Trouble-Free Automatic Changer

- **World's *simplest, surest* automatic record changer . . . plays as many as 14 records, up to an hour of music.**
- **"45" records change from the *center*—the *modern* way!**
- **Music on "45" is richer, truer . . . with the brilliance of "live" performance.**
- **Easy-to-handle "45's" are *non-breakable, conveniently* store in a bookshelf!**
- **You've 4,000 selections to choose from on "45"!**

Hear music at its best on "45." See the superb "Victrola" 45 record changers today . . . at your RCA Victor dealer's!



Complete "Victrola" 45 table phonograph. "Golden Throat" tone system. Model 45EY2, $34.95.
And—$6 worth of RCA Victor "45" albums *at no extra charge.*
Suggested Eastern list price, subject to Gov't. Price Ceiling Regulations and change without notice.

RCA VICTOR
Tmks. ® Division of Radio Corporation of America

World Leader in Radio . . . First in Recorded Music . . . First in Television

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOD

WHEN IT'S SNACK-TIME

THIS IS THE TIME of year when guests "drop in" after a football game or shopping—or spend an informal evening watching television or sitting in front of the fire. Everyone is in a mood for entertaining or being entertained, and it can be easy on the hostess as well as fun for the guests.

There are dozens of things, quick to make and simple to serve with hot or cold drinks, which add a party touch. When the preliminary chatter has died down, disappear into the kitchen for about ten minutes and return with a bowl of cottage cheese, chives (or finely cut onion) and sour or sweet cream, mixed to "dipping" consistency. Surround the bowl with potato chips or crackers, and listen to the contented munching.

Even friends who are dieting will be able to eat their fill of colorful carrots, radishes and cucumbers without secretly counting calories. Cut the radishes into rosebuds, the carrots into curls, and the peeled cucumbers into convenient-to-pick-up sticks. Then season sour cream well with salt and pepper, put it in a dish, and arrange the vegetables artistically around it.

Leftovers can be transformed quickly into attractive "go-withs." Any ham or other cold meat in the refrigerator? Cube it, spear it on toothpicks alternately with squares of cheese or chunks of pickle, and serve proudly.

The Italians have a specialty called fritto misto—mixed fry. This is another good way to make use of whatever is around the kitchen. Dip tiny balls made of bits of chicken, pork, beef or what-have-you in egg and crumbs, and pop them into a basket for frying. Do the same with bite-sized pieces of winter squash, asparagus tips or cauliflower (either frozen or fresh).

Canned Vienna sausages, heated in a frying pan, go well with all but the sweetest drinks. If you have the time, wrap each one in a blanket of biscuit dough, and let the dough brown in the oven. As long as the oven is being used, why not surprise everyone with hot canapes? Spread moistened and seasoned tuna, crab meat or other fish mixture on toast rounds or crackers, sprinkle with grated cheese, and let your broiler do the rest. They'll come out slightly puffy and golden.

In the afternoon, or when evening is drawing to a close, everyone wants a cup of coffee. Tired of the inevitable cake to go with it? Try cinnamon toast, made right at the table or in quantity in the broiler, and cut into convenient strips. It has a nice tang, and can be produced in any kitchen in minutes.

For a more elaborate coffee companion, make pizza—not the complicated kind which requires a special oven and exotic ingredients, but a modern version that tastes just as good with a minimum of trouble. You'll need English muffins, a can of tomatoes, oil, cheese (mozzarella or any other mild sliced cheese), oregano or thyme, and, if you like, anchovies and sausages.

Split the muffins, and put some of the tomatoes, partly drained and broken up with a fork, on each one. Drizzle some oil over this, and sprinkle with a little oregano. Then lay a slice of cheese over the top, add more oil, and put the pizza in the oven. When the cheese has melted, serve the individual pies with plenty of coffee. Warn your guests that they're hot—and then get ready to serve some more.

—Carol Morton

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your dream kitchen costs less than you'd think!

A lovely Youngstown Kitchen is *fun* to work in and far *easier* to own than you'd imagine!

You'll love the modern advances: Jet-Tower* Dishwasher eliminates hand dishwashing; Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer banishes garbage forever; other features save time and work!

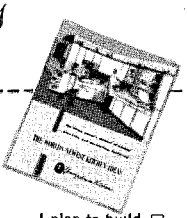
Let your factory-trained dealer show you *your* dream kitchen in perfect miniature, how to save on installation, how easy it is to finance. If building, specify a Youngstown Kitchen—you'll *save!*

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO
Youngstown Kitchens are sold throughout the World

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Youngstown Kitchens

Call Western Union, Operator 25, and without charge get the name of a nearby dealer.



Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. CR-1152, Warren, Ohio
Send kitchen-planning, decorating idea book.
I enclose 10c for mailing. (No stamps, please.)

NAME (Please print) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

COUNTY _____ STATE _____

I plan to build ☐
I plan to remodel ☐
I am interested in:
Kitchens ☐
Dishwashers ☐
Food Waste Disposers ☐

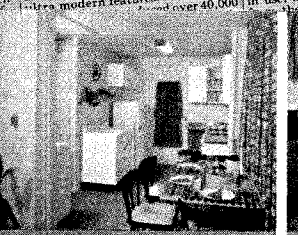
© 1952 Mullins Manufacturing Corporation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL HOMES CORPORATION SCOOPS ENTIRE BUILDING FIELD WITH EXCITING NEW 1953 MODELS

Lafayette, Ind. (Special) —The nation's largest producers of quality Homes at thrift prices, National [illegible] today announced [illegible] all-new rambling ranch-type designs with latest "ceiling-to-floor" picture window, shoulder-high bedroom and bathroom windows, and other ultra modern features. [illegible] over 40,000 A convenient home-laundry alcove equipped with automatic washer and dryer adjoins the efficient step-saving kitchen. Decorative folding doors shut off the laundry area when not in use, and also divide the kitchen and the dining space. These new [illegible] on each

Living room in 1953 National Homes has restful elegance and friendly welcome. L-shaped dining area adds roominess.



Dining area adjoins step-saving kitchen, can be divided from it and laundry alcove (left) by decorative folding doors.

Note how shoulder-high bedroom windows give greater privacy, permit any desired placement of beds and other furniture.

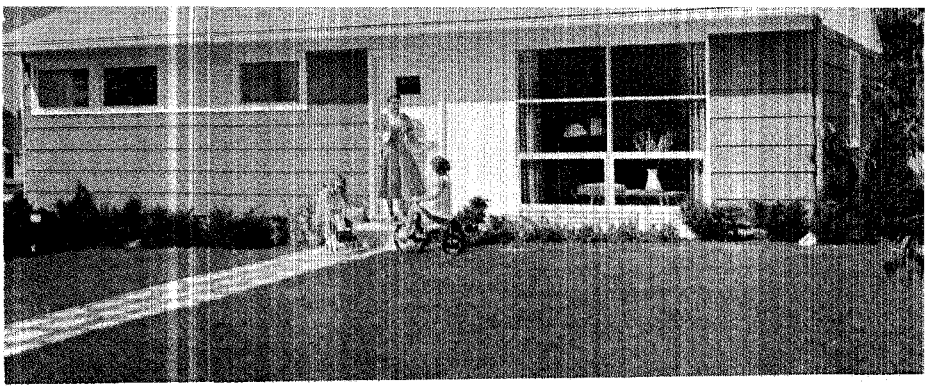
SENSATIONAL RESTYLING

... OUTSIDE and IN ... PROVIDES

- Living, dining and kitchen areas flow together to provide for open modern living, yet can be divided by decorative folding doors when desired.
- Dramatic new ceiling-to-floor Thermopane or Twindow picture window in living room.
- New shoulder-high bedroom windows, giving more privacy and increased wall space for furniture placement.
- New step-saving kitchen with Formica-top work surfaces.
- New home-laundry alcove including automatic washing machine and dryer.
- Decorative folding doors, enclosing spacious ceiling-height closets.
- Large, tiled alcove-type bathroom featuring extra-large medicine cabinet with sliding mirror doors, full-width vanity shelf and built-in lighting.
- Inside storage for such items as trunks, baby carriage, housekeeping equipment, canned goods, etc.
- Outside-access storage with ample space for bicycle, wagon, garden tools, lawn chairs, screens, etc.
- Dozens of other amazing new features!

Nationwide Showing in Hundreds of Cities ... All Open Houses Identically Color-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MODERN LIVING at its BEST!

Color-Styled by . . .

Beatrice West

Beatrice West of New York City, nation's foremost home color consultant and interior designer, color stylist of more than 65,000 homes, has furnished and completely restyled these homes, both exterior and interior, including all-new paints and roof colors.

PRICES RANGE FROM $7,500 TO $15,000

Available in 2-, 3- and 4-bedroom sizes; some with bath and a half; some with rear living room.

Send for Free Catalog—Just Off the Press

Choose your new National from many smart designs. Consult classified 'phone book for nearest National Homes dealer-builder. Or write National Homes Corp., Dept. CR 1, Lafayette, Ind., for latest catalog.

© 1952, N.H.C.

Begins October 26th

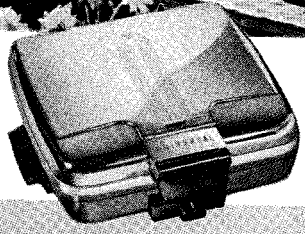
Styled and Furnished

SEE LOCAL PAPER for DEALER ANNOUNCEMENT

National HOMES

NATIONAL HOMES CORPORATION
Lafayette, Indiana • Horseheads, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



UNIVERSAL
Cook-a-matic

"It's easy to entertain and have fun with your guests too," says Elsa Maxwell. "I prepare hot hors d'oeuvres right at the table, so that I'm never away from the party. Cook-a-matic's large size is a wonderful help at parties, for snacks and family meals."

UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Get Elsa Maxwell's Book
Take this page to your Universal dealer for your FREE copy of Elsa Maxwell's book, "Entertaining Hints".

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coronet Vol. 33, No. 1. November, 1952
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

Your Shrine of Freedom

by TRIS COFFIN

ON CLEAR SUMMER mornings in Washington, a sword of sunlight awakens a sacred American shrine. As the first streetcars clatter across Capitol Hill, the sword reaches through a window of the hushed Library of Congress. It touches a pair of bronze doors, and they glow with a strange radiance, like the sun pouring from under an edge of cloud.

All day long, this radiance beckons pilgrims to the balcony of the Library's great central hall. They come in crowded buses with the dust of Kansas on them, in cars with licenses from as far away as Alaska. A few are pushed in wheel chairs before the shrine, and others are tenderly carried in their mothers' arms, that they may early sense their nation's heritage.

They come to see with their own eyes the faded writing of the Declaration of Independence, the aged parchment of the original Constitution, the moving words of the Gettysburg address in Abraham Lincoln's writing on a long sheet of lined paper.

These and other treasured documents of a people's freedom are there for all to see in the massive, time-stained Library of Congress, whose green dome rises across the plaza from the nation's Capitol.

Long before the House of Representatives and Senate are astir with the clamor of today, the pilgrims are waiting for the big doors of the Library to groan open.

On a recent morning, the first group included a ten-year-old boy with an appealing eagerness and a casual part in his sandy hair. His father looked willing, but sleepy.

A spare, white-haired New Englander with steel-rimmed glasses and his gentle-faced wife glanced at the child with kindly attention. A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man of dark complexion and yellow sports shirt turned his face lazily to the sun. A pretty girl with a sparkling new wedding ring teased her lanky young man with gay glances.

The doors opened and a friendly voice from the cool interior said: "You can come in now, folks."

They entered a strange new world, a marvelous palace of shining marble. The boy's eyes were wide with wonder at the mosaic designs, the elaborately decorated ceiling, the figures carved of metal and marble. Two great stone stairways swept majestically to the balcony on either side of the lofty hall.

THE SMALL group waited, dazzled and undetermined. The guard prompted them: "The shrine is upstairs on the balcony." Humbly they moved across the marble floor and up the stairs.

The altar, for it was fashioned like one, was flanked on either side by an American flag. Above, gold letters on a black marble shield proclaimed: "The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States."

A waist-high wall of white marble enclosed the shrine, except for two openings to let pilgrims pass through. The altar on which rested the Constitution and the Declaration was a delicate rose-colored marble. A bench of the same stone stood before the altar.

A guard in uniform nodded to the group. He was silver-haired and comfortably stout, and spoke with a friendly drawl.

"This is the Altar of Freedom. Lots of people ask us what that little bench is there. That's a kneeling stool, just like you have in church. The Constitution is the face of the altar; and the Declaration is placed above it, like the Bible opened for the sermon. They're sealed in helium gas under the glass."

The boy pressed closer to see the famous documents. His father put a hand on his shoulder and said with quiet conviction: "These papers are what made us great."

"What do you mean, Dad?"

His father pointed to the faded writing on the parchment above them. "You can't see the words clearly, son," he explained, "but when George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and the other great men started America, they wrote this Declaration. And they told about a new kind of religion—democracy—in these words: '. . . that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.' "

The guard and the man in the sports shirt were listening quietly. So were the honeymooners who had come behind them. The pretty girl's eyes were big and serious.

"This means, son, that everyone is alike, rich or poor, big or little, and that God has given us all the right to live and be free and happy. That's what democracy means."

The boy nodded. His father motioned to the Constitution. "They wrote this democracy into the Constitution in laws. Under our kind of government, people are happier; they work harder, and they fight to defend it. You never know how good it is until you lose it."

The man in the sports shirt said gruffly: "You can say that again, mister. I was in one of those Jap

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prison camps in the Philippines."

This serious talk was fine for adults, but the boy had questions.

"Is that really George Washington's writing?" he asked, pointing to the Constitution's last page. There was the firm, clear signature, "G. Washington, President and Deputy from Virginia."

The guard spoke. "Sure is, son. That tiny writing there is James Madison. And over there, those fancy letters are Ben Franklin. On the Declaration of Independence, John Hancock wrote real large and heavy. You can still see it. He said he didn't want the King of England to put on specs to see his name."

He and the boy smiled together. The others smiled, too, and peered closely at Hancock's signature.

The spare New Englander and his wife had been moving thoughtfully among the wood and glass cases. There, in measured writing on letter paper, was Thomas Jefferson's passionable, "For I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

A careful script in blue ink on a sheet of White House note paper said: "The day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

This was Woodrow Wilson's 1917 war message to Congress.

The couple went to the last case. On one long sheet of paper, handwritten words moved with such feeling that they rose above the ruled lines. Here and there a word was crossed out and another written on top. This was Lincoln's writing . . . "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

At last, the two elderly people were drawn to the altar. The old man told her in his crisp New England voice: "Mother, you have to stand a while and let it sink in."

They were silent until she came to the signatures below the Constitution. Then she said wistfully: "Oh, John, it's too bad we don't have such great men today."

He answered gently but with conviction: "We became a nation and we grew strong because we had faith in ourselves and our cause. That's all we need today."

Then they stood motionless, these two Americans, silently praying before their nation's Altar of Freedom and Democracy.

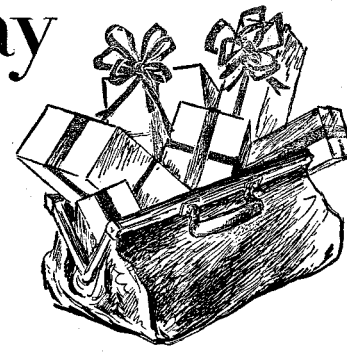
Service

A TOURIST BACK from a vacation in Florida, explained how he received a ticket for parking overtime—and was happy to get it. The ticket was attached to the windshield wiper of his car and read: "Saved! We passed the meter and your time was up. We dropped a nickel to save you a buck . . . Tampa Florida Brewery, Inc."

—White Plains Reporter Dispatch

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give Yourself Away



by ALBERTA WILLIAMS

Widening your circle of friendship takes little effort but it will lead to rich and rewarding experiences with other people

AT THE COMMUNITY concert one evening, Bill spotted Bob Nelson across the auditorium and said, "I want to tell Bob about Chester's letter. Let's try to catch him on the way out."

We didn't catch him. Bob, his eyes riveted on the exit, streaked up the aisle a half-note ahead of the final number's applause. One almost never catches Bob Nelson. At any public gathering, he achieves at least a photo finish in the race for the door.

He isn't myopic, but when Bob is on the other side of the street, nobody can attract his glance to wave a friendly "hello."

If you finally do corner him some place and attempt a little chat, he never inquires about mutual friends or shows interest in what's going on in your life; he speaks impersonally of current world events, then tells you about his dogs and his garden —but he tells you about them without ever asking that you come over and see either.

Margaret hasn't made a new friend since her husband's death. The five years of her widowhood have been dedicated to perfection to the last detail in the antique furnishings of her home. Her enthusiasm is for auction sales; her devotion is lavished upon rosewood chairs and old silver.

Little by little, Bob and Margaret are banishing all human warmth from their lives. Why have they no love to give people, but a wealth of it for animals, flowers and inanimate possessions? When some of us told Margaret that her new neighbors were delightful and that she should get acquainted with them, she said: "Well, you know how it is—they're next door and I might get involved too deeply with them."

Margaret and Bob are extreme examples of people who fear love. They probably do not admit this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fear even to themselves. They prefer to believe that they are sensibly keeping their lives free of relationships that might involve them in responsibilities. But actually, they are bothered with the dim, uneasy feeling that any venture into human affection would in some way alter their lives.

They do not understand that friendship is no appalling trap to be feared and avoided. It is a rich and rewarding experience. You lose nothing when you give it. Our personalities depend largely upon the sum of our experiences and associations. Our spiritual and emotional growth is in proportion to our hospitality toward the new, the untried, the relationship that possibly may develop into a deeply meaningful one.

The capacity for giving love seems only to expand with use. For over three decades, Miss Belle Taggart taught the primary grade in the public school in my home village. Every year she welcomed to her heart 30 or so motley youngsters, loved and taught them all year and, still loving them, sent them along to the second grade. But forever after, each grubby youngster had a permanent place in Miss Belle's heart.

If you were sick she sent you a note; if you lost a relative she consoled you; if you won an honor in college she told you of her pride and pleasure, and when your children started to school, she was ready to love and teach them, just as she had done when you were young.

"By now, you've loved at least 1,000 of us. Do you still have enough love left to stretch out and cover this year's crop?" I finally asked her one summer day.

She laughed. "If it were money, I'd not have. When you give away that, you don't have as much left. But love's different. The more of it you give away, the more of it you get returned. You see, I think I always get back much more than I give—and that's how my capital stock keeps growing and growing."

Some years ago as Christmas approached, Dr. John Hrabik, a good, kindly country practitioner in Murphysboro, Illinois, found himself thinking often about his elderly patients, hoping they would enjoy the holidays and feel a little extra loved and cherished at that season. Whether they were cantankerous or mellow, rich or poor, he liked and admired these patients. In one way or another, they had taken what life had to offer and come to acceptable terms with it, or they couldn't have survived to old age.

But why, the doctor asked himself, just brood about his good will toward these people? Unless he took some positive action they would never really know how he felt about them.

Dr. Hrabik has the typical crowded days inevitable in a successful small town practice, but that year during Christmas week, he made a social call on every one of his shut-ins and older patients—and to many non-patients, as well—to greet them, wish them happiness, let them know he loved them and thought they were pretty fine individuals. At each home he left a treat—fruits and candies or some small thing the recipient would especially enjoy.

He is a modest man, but he couldn't be unaware of the happi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness he gave—and received. People were delighted with this proof that their doctor was actually concerned about them when they weren't sick, that he truly liked them as individuals, that to him they stood for something more than arthritis, cardiac ailments, or troublesome digestive tract.

"I guess I got so much fun out of it I couldn't stop," is the way Dr. Hrabik explains having established this Christmas custom that has become an integral part of the holiday season in Murphysboro. Of course, the project has expanded. More and more names have been added to the calling list, and now the doctor makes a Christmas call on many of the older persons in town.

Toting the treats was too much for one pair of arms, so friends offered to help in turns. A Santa Claus suit for the helper was a natural. An old couple chuckle as they look out their cottage windows and see the doctor and Santa Claus striding up the walk. It's a wonderful tonic for everybody involved—and for the entire community. The visiting list has become so long that several agencies are now helping the doctor.

Nearly all of us can express our love and sympathy to the friend visited by tragedy or deep sorrow. But the technique of being truly outflowing is concerned with simple everyday acts. It's the good word when someone's name is mentioned and the praise that you hear about someone which is passed along to him—where it will cheer and hearten. It's the telephone call or note of congratulations when some friend or business acquaintance has had a promotion or other good fortune. It's the message of good wishes to anybody about to tackle a new job.

You are too busy for such consideration? Perhaps *you* are, but George, one of the busiest, most successful lawyers I know, is not. When I marveled at how he found time for his constant expressions of interest and friendship, he looked genuinely surprised.

"I never thought of those things as taking any time," he assured me. "They're just part of the day. In fact, I believe any day would seem interminably boring without them. Honestly, I feel buoyed up after a friendly phone conversation; I can work the better for it."

There is no estimating the business and social consequences of outgoing affirmativeness. Certainly lack of it has kept Barbara in a stenographic department when ability, conscientious attention to work and seniority favored her choice as a department manager's secretary.

"In the secretarial job she'd have had a good deal of contact with people," the personnel manager told me. "She's polite, but she hasn't that cheering word, that sincere interest in anybody. The girl we promoted to the job makes us friends, because she's friendly. When our dealer from Richmond comes in, her smile makes him feel she's glad to see him."

Many lonely, unmarried men and women are simply victims of their own fear of love. This is especially true of some whose background includes an unhappy love affair. They let this experience terminate all outflowing friendliness. Never again will they give themselves a chance to become involved. But one should

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not give up a career if one's initial venture was unsuccessful. Some of the happiest marriages I know are those of couples where the husband or wife was previously jilted.

Outgoingness can be polished and limbered if it has grown dull and stiff from lack of exercise. The rich rewards of one week of conscious cultivation of affirmativeness may surprise you. See what happiness and new interests can result for you next week from carrying through on the following six ways of giving yourself:

1. Go up to and greet and have conversation with either an acquaintance who wasn't going to see you—the person across the street or over on the other side of the store—or somebody to whom normally you address no more than "Good morning." Treat him as an individual with whom you associate certain interests. Let him know you are glad you happened to encounter him.

2. Write that note or make that phone call. It can be to some friend you have not seen lately but who has recently come into your mind. Or it can be to somebody who has just chalked up an accomplishment or has accepted some community responsibility. Make your message one of encouragement. Extend good wishes in a new job. Say that you got a lift out of somebody's success.

3. Make an overture at getting better acquainted with someone you have met and liked but don't know well. Call him up and ask him to lunch with you. Don't be afraid to say you enjoyed being with him and want to know him better.

4. Pass along that compliment. When you hear somebody praised, remember what was said and give him the pleasure of knowing of it.

5. Tell your host or hostess you had a good time. Don't be content with having voiced your thanks along with your farewells. Phone later and reiterate your pleasure. Be specific about your enjoyment.

6. Show somebody a personal thoughtfulness that lets him know you have considered his individual tastes. If you have been entertained by a book that deals with the hobbies of somebody you know, tell him you think he would like it. If you have seen a fine photographic exhibition, mention it to a camera fan. If some homeowner has admired your dahlias, offer him a root when you do the Fall digging.

These are simple, easy things to do. But it is just such expressions of friendliness, good will and love for people that mark the affirmative attitude. We like it in others. It brings us greater joy within ourselves.

Beastly Observations

ONE POODLE ASKED another: "What have you done to your hair?" To which the other poodle replied: "Oh, I've had a lady-cut." —*Henry Morgan*

ONE DUCK TO another: "Come on, stop trying to walk like a fat dame wearing slacks."
—IRV KUPCINET (*Chicago Sun Times*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wonder-Worker in the Vitamin World

by REED MILLARD

A tiny red crystal is scoring astonishing victories against pernicious anemia

IN THE laboratories of Merck and Co., Inc., in Rahway, New Jersey, a group of scientists stared, fascinated, at a vial containing an almost invisible speck of a red substance. They had just received a report that convinced them a mysterious force locked in those tiny red crystals could strike at the stealthy, creeping sickness of the blood, pernicious anemia.

They had evidence of that in the report of Dr. Randolph West of Columbia University. He had given a fantastically small amount of it to a patient—three micrograms, about 1/150,000,000th of a pound! In a matter of hours, the patient's blood-producing system suddenly burst into activity, starting the victim toward recovery.

Since the first stirring announcement from Rahway, exciting evidence has piled up until now it seems clear that no longer need anyone die from the effects of pernicious anemia. Beyond that, Vitamin B12, the name chosen for the amazing substance, shows promise in treating painful diseases of the nervous system. Meanwhile, on the farm, it is creating a revolution in animal feeding that portends vast increases in our food supplies.

To take the measure of pernicious anemia, picture the marvelous system which enables your body to get oxygen. The distributing device is the blood, particularly the red cells. In the time it takes to read this article, your body will have to produce literally millions of these delicate cells, for while the blood is being pushed through your arteries and veins it is constantly being destroyed.

But suppose something happens to the miraculous chemical factories

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that create these cells in the marrow of the bones? Suppose they manufacture too few red cells—or defective cells that cannot carry their share of oxygen? This happens in pernicious anemia, and the effects are disastrous.

Long ago, medical men decided that an active factor in the liver was essential to production of red cells. Pernicious anemia, they felt, must come from failure of the liver to provide this factor.

That was the clue for Drs. George R. Minot and William P. Murphy. They fed large quantities of beef liver to victims of pernicious anemia —and many who had not reached an advanced stage recovered. This great discovery, which won Drs. Minot and Murphy and Dr. George H. Whipple the 1934 Nobel Prize for medicine, was followed by the development of liver extracts to be taken by mouth or by injection.

There was the challenge. In liver was a mysterious and powerful factor that could trigger the whole process of red blood-cell production. Why couldn't you isolate that factor and get an enormously powerful chemical that could be given in place of huge doses of liver extract?

That sounded simple, yet researchers lived night and day with the problem of finding it. They were balked, however, by a heartbreaking problem. Even if they found what they were looking for, they might never know it.

The situation was a strange one; usually medical research is carried out by experiments on animals, yet animals don't get pernicious anemia. So these men of science had no way to test their new chemicals except on anemia victims who had not previously received any other treatment. Could you subject a person in an advanced stage of the disease to exhaustive tests that might lead to nothing?

There had to be some kind of a "guinea pig." But just what it was remained a mystery until 1947 when, from the University of Maryland, came thrilling news.

Dr. Mary S. Shorb, of the Department of Poultry Husbandry, had noticed something strange about a family of bacteria, *Lactobacillus lactis* Dorner, referred to more simply as LLD bacteria. In the course of feeding different nutrient solutions to colonies of LLD, she tried liver extract. In a few hours a tube in which the bacteria had been swarming in a clear liquid became cloudy.

The bacteria had multiplied so rapidly that their great numbers had created the visible cloudiness. Tests showed that they were not reacting to any of the known chemicals in liver, so here was a tremendous probability. They were responding to the mysterious anti-pernicious anemia factor.

At the Merck laboratories, Dr. Karl Folkers, in charge of organic and biochemical research, and his staff already had isolated many chemicals in liver. Now they had a way to test them.

A few hours after the nameless red crystals were dropped into a tube of LLD, the scientists were sure they had something, for the LLD bugs showed amazing growth. But there was still the vital question: how will it work on people?

At Columbia, Dr. West chose a patient on whom he could try the red crystals. The impressive reports

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the treatment started a chain of dramatic clinical results. All available quantities of the drug were rushed to doctors, among them Dr. Spies. He, too, soon had stirring news for the medical world.

As a start, he tried B12 on five victims of advanced anemia. "From the third to the fifth day after administration of B12," he reported, "the patients volunteered that they felt much better. They were clearer mentally, and appeared to have increased strength and vigor."

Heart-warming as was this news, the joy of the medical world was tempered by a sobering question: would there ever be enough of the red crystals to use on the hundreds of thousands of people who needed them? After all, only a single gram could be extracted from a ton and a half of beef liver!

Again the clue lay in Mary Shorb's LLD. Before the discovery of B12, these bacteria had seemed to thrive on such natural products as milk powder, beef extract, and culture broths from certain molds. Perhaps B12 could be extracted from these substances.

Researchers hit one blind alley after another, until they discovered that the broth from a mold called *Streptomyces griseus*—seemed particularly stimulating to the bacteria. Edward Rickes of the Merck laboratories and his fellow chemists went to work and produced some tiny red crystals that looked like B12.

After a long series of tests, Dr. West at Columbia tried the new crystals on anemia victims. He got the same magnificent results as with the original B12 from liver.

So here was big news. B12 was no longer a precious test drug—almost unlimited amounts of it could be made. Production was rushed, and it is now available for any doctor who wants to prescribe it.

WHILE MEDICINE has been eagerly utilizing this conqueror of pernicious anemia, B12 has created a new era in agriculture. Researchers long had run into tantalizing hints that there was a factor in some natural foods that played a vital part in making animals grow and thrive, but they didn't know what the substance was. When B12 was isolated, they found the answer, for tiny quantities of it, added to animal feed, did astonishing things to growth patterns. Within a matter of months, farmers all over the U. S. were giving the new feed to their animals.

Though fighting anemia is its greatest medical achievement so far, B12 promises other important medical values. Doctors tried it on the cruelly painful tic douloureux, an ailment of the facial nerves, and found that victims were given relief in a high percentage of cases. When they gave large doses to victims of peripheral neuritis, pain stopped or was diminished in many cases.

Medicine doesn't know yet just how many other uses it will find for these red crystals, but it does know for certain that it has something big in the magic of B12.

One learns manners from those who have none.
—Persian Proverb

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Church That God Moved

by KATE SMITH

FOR MONTHS, the people of Swanquarter, North Carolina, raised funds for a new Methodist church. Money was scarce that year of 1876, and so the people appealed to a rich landowner to donate a choice lot.

"I can't help you," he snapped. "I have plans for that land."

Discouraged, the people went away. They acquired land on a back street, and there they built a modest, wooden church that stood on brick pilings.

On the night of the dedication, a storm broke. Howling winds and angry tides whipped the coastal village. Through the long night, the storm's fury mounted. By morning, waters of the bay flooded the streets.

At last the winds abated, but the turbulent waters still swirled through Swanquarter's streets. Suddenly a strange thing occurred. The new church shuddered, then floated from its spindly brick pilings. Sluggishly it moved down the street, gaining speed as it drifted. At an intersection, it paused in the churning flood waters, then veered sharply, continuing its voyage toward the heart of the village.

Moments later it slowly settled—on the very plot of land which the rich man had refused to donate to the congregation!

Next morning, the first person to arrive at the office of the town's Registrar of Deeds was the rich man himself. Quickly he deeded the property to the Methodist church, without cost.

"I had plans for that land," he said smiling, "but it appears that God had His, *too*!"

Kate Smith stars on the "Kate Smith Hour," NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday; and on the "Kate Smith Show," NBC radio network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her programs is producer-host Ted Collins.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR HUMAN

NEIGHBOR JOHN had often laughingly told five-year-old Ann that he was going to wait until she grew up and marry her.

One night at the country club, Ann walked up to John in the center of a group on the dance floor and tugging at his coat demanded in an angry voice: "Are you or are you not going to marry me when I grow up?"

When John assured her that he was, she pointed at his partner and said sharply, "Then you're going to have to stop taking that lady out on the tennis court and kissing her."

—DOROTHY PARKER

TWO GENTLEMEN, driving home after a convivial evening, came to a railroad crossing. The gate was down, and while they waited for it to rise they fell asleep. They were rudely awakened by the thunder of a passing express.

Rubbing his eyes, one man exclaimed, "Gosh! Wasn't that a well-lighted village we just passed through?"

"Sure was," replied the other, "and did you notice—the first house was on fire?" —ADRIAN ANDERSON

DURING World War II, the U.S. Army took over an area in the Ozark foothills as a site for artillery practice. All civilians were ordered out. When firing began, an officer in the observation tower suddenly phoned the battery: "Cease firing! Signs of life near target. Send party to investigate."

When the detail approached the target, there emerged from the brush an old-timer with a white beard down to his waistline, waving a relatively white towel and yelling, "Boys, I don't give a durn what General Lee says, I'm surrendering!" —*Rayburn's Ozark Guide*

THE TWO ELDERLY spinsters appeared at the ticket window of the local football stadium and asked for tickets for the game scheduled the following Saturday afternoon.

"Have you any special location in mind?" asked the ticket seller.

They whispered together for a moment, and then one said: "We'd like them where there isn't any draft, please." —E. A. CHAFFEE

MOST SUCCESSFUL diplomats have one thing in common—a reputation for being cagey. Winston Churchill is no exception. There was an occasion when an important and self-confident gentleman bet a sizable sum that he could get a direct answer from Mr. Churchill. This was his approach: "What time is it, please, Winnie?"

The noncommittal statesman pulled out his watch, glanced at it, then countered, "What does your watch say?" —*Wall Street Journal*

THE QUIZMASTER on one of our most popular radio shows received an answer so unexpected that the audience wasn't able to quiet down for about five expen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMEDY

sive minutes. The contestant was a simple-looking chap, and he blinked hopelessly when asked: "What is the difference between amnesia and magnesia?"

Then suddenly came the light of understanding, and he answered: "The guy with amnesia doesn't know where he is going."

—FRANCIS LEO GOLDEN, *Tales for Salesmen* (Frederick Fell)

A 17-YEAR-OLD boy in Toronto, Canada, sent a painting to an art gallery for exhibition. In a few days he received a letter from an official of the gallery expressing great interest in the work, titled "Melancholia in the Swamp."

The boy then admitted that the abstract painting that had been praised was only a piece of cardboard on which commercial painters had cleaned their brushes!

—JOAN ADELSTEIN

A MEN'S FASHION authority was in a department store shopping for ties. He rejected certain particularly loud ones as "impossible," and was surprised to notice that the clerk put them in a special box behind the counter.

"What's the idea?" the fashion man asked.

"These," explained the clerk, "are the ties that we will sell to women who come in to buy ties for their husbands." —PAUL DENIS

A WOMAN stopped at the office of an exclusive plastic surgeon. "How much would you charge for altering my nose?" she asked.

"A thousand dollars," the doctor told her.

"Why, that's an outrage!" she exploded. "Isn't there something less expensive?"

"Madam," said the surgeon sweetly as he rose to open the door for her, "you might try walking into a lamppost." —FRANCES RODMAN

OUR MAID was especially anxious for an advance on her week's salary. She became so insistent, in fact, we finally asked why she was in such particular need.

"Well," she replied, "our preacher is leaving the church this Sunday and the congregation wants to give him a little momentum."

—FRED G. MCKNIGHT

A SCHOOLTEACHER asked her class for stories pointing a moral.

Little Johnny's story started out with Gene Autry riding through Oklahoma on his horse. "Gene ran into five fierce Indians," said Johnny. "He shot one between the eyes, another one in the back, slugged another one's skull, pierced another's heart and finished off the last one with a bullet right through the stomach." Then Johnny sat down.

The teacher commented, "That's an exciting story, Johnny, but what's the point, where's the moral?"

"Why, don't you see, teacher?" explained the little fellow. "The moral is, 'Don't fool around with Gene Autry'!" —*Tales of Hoffman*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Wife Succeeds at Politics, Too

by **RICHARD L. NEUBERGER**
Oregon State Senator

What happened when an Oregon state legislator found out that men hold no monopoly on the practice of good government

IN THE MARBLE CORRIDORS of the Oregon State Capitol, one of my Senate colleagues remarked: "Your wife stole the show right out from under your nose at this session."

And so indeed she had. Since 1915, the sale of colored margarine had been forbidden in Oregon. Now my wife had led a crusade which ended the ban, and she had been rewarded with enthusiastic cheers from the press and from thousands of families.

A few months earlier, this would have given me agonizing twinges of jealousy. Although my wife could excel in the kitchen, I did not want her to encroach on my own particular domain, which happened to be the State Legislature. But at last I have learned that my wife is a person in her own right, that she is as entitled to recognition as I am. When she abandoned her name and took mine, she did not likewise put behind her all independent claims to fame and achievement. And if my wife's bid for accomplishment took place in a realm where I had been predominant—well, that was something I would have to grin and bear.

It was on a trip to the forest solitudes of neighboring Idaho that I was suddenly confronted by the decision of accepting my wife as a partner in practice as well as in theory. She looked up one brisk morning from the sourdough biscuits she was baking and casually announced:

"I'd like to run for the Legislature myself this year. I have some pretty good ideas and I might as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well be speaking for them on the floor as knitting up in the gallery."

No complacent male ever was taken more completely by surprise. My wife previously had seemed quite content with reflected glory; occasionally she took a bow in my behalf. But always it was evident who held the helm. I was master, she was mate.

Now she proposed to put her hand beside mine on the wheel spokes of government. It was a jolt.

I wandered up a foaming creek, sat on a ledge, and did some hard thinking. Could my wife be trusted to make delicate political judgments? What if she did something to embarrass me? Could I allow a promising career to be nipped at the source merely because my wife was ambitious to serve in the Legislature, too?

I trudged back toward camp, determined to put an end to such nonsense. But as I walked along, another thought struck me.

Did not my wife have the right to precisely the same attitude? After all, Article XIX of the Constitution had given women the vote and made them the political equals of men. Did I have the privilege, even within our household, to set aside this great mandate?

That night, in the glow of a kerosene lamp in our tent, I helped my wife fill out her application for a place on the Oregon ballot. We mailed it down the trail at the Ranger Station next dawn. No deed has ever returned such rich and heart-warming dividends.

I have discovered that my wife is every bit as skillful and competent at politics as I am. And yet, in no field does the American male consider himself so traditionally superior. I had a generous portion of this male ego when my wife's bill legalizing yellow margarine came up for debate.

"Here is your speech for tomorrow," I said, handing her a bulky sheaf. "You say these things and you won't go wrong."

My wife took the document politely and sat down to read it. As I fell asleep that night, I heard her busily pecking away on a portable typewriter.

NEXT DAY I SAT back comfortably, waiting to hear my words spoken by my wife during the debate. She started somewhat differently, but I put this down to the fact that she had altered the introduction. Then she began to get into the main body of the speech.

Still my material did not come. And finally I realized that the words being spoken were entirely her own. And I noticed that the other legislators were listening attentively.

When it was over the President of the Senate, who took the other side of the margarine issue, said to me: "That's one of the finest, most logical talks I ever heard in the Legislature!"

Starting with that episode, my wife and I became legislative partners. We were a team, and she called the signals as often as I did. We talked over important bills and frequently it was her judgment which prevailed.

To begin with, her outlook was never clouded by further political ambitions. On her desk she kept a little motto, attributed to the late U. S. Senator Claude Swanson of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Virginia: "When in doubt, do right." She quoted it to me when we were wondering whether to oppose a bill which sharply reduced state funds for dependent children.

I was afraid that old-age pensioners might be angry because their appropriations benefited from this reduction. After all, elderly folks voted, but children didn't.

My wife looked at me sharply. "Let's just do right," she said.

I never regretted the decision, and the pensioners turned out to be nobler about the matter than I had thought.

I had worried that the presence of my wife on the ballot might imperil my own political plans. Yet to my desk flowed a stream of letters from women, expressing appreciation that at least one husband had seen fit to share his career with his wife. I am looking at one of these letters now:

"I think every housewife has a right to participate in government if she has the ability to do so. We are not mere cooks and bottle washers. I am glad you are setting so fine an example for other husbands in our state."

Today I get as much satisfaction from my wife's achievements as from my own. I glory in the fact that a woman has invaded a man's world successfully, and that the woman happens to be my wife. And I observe that others beneath the Capitol dome increasingly consult her on strategy and plans.

No longer is there any doubt that my wife is a more effective legislator than I am. She has passed more bills and won more converts for her causes. Her friendly, somewhat shy personality has triumphed where the more bellicose masculine approach has failed.

Now that my wife has finally been emancipated from her husband's fears, I am learning new things about her all the time. On a recent vacation trip in the Cascade Range, several of us were speculating how to recapture a fishing raft that had drifted far from shore on a mountain lake dotted with floating ice.

Without a word, my wife went into a tent and emerged in her black bathing suit. Then she swam with long, vigorous strokes through the frigid water to the raft.

"I didn't know your wife could swim like that," said a friend.

"I didn't either," I replied. "In fact, I've learned a lot about my wife this past year, and it's my own selfish fault that I didn't realize her capabilities a long time ago."

All I can wonder is how many women in the U. S. are hiding genuine talents because jealous husbands resent any challenge to their family supremacy, whether it be in a legislative hall or beside a wilderness lake.

No Better Way

DON'T CONDEMN old things, just because they're old. Firemen's poles were first used in 1878, and no one yet has found a better way for firemen to get downstairs in a hurry.

—G. M. FOLKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mystery of the Master Criminal

by HENRY LEE

What became of the $10,000,000 loot of suave Arthur Barry, Prince of Thieves?

SOMEWHERE IN Massachusetts, ostensibly living down the bad old days, is a handsome, debonair man in his sixties whose clean-cut features and level eyes make him look as honest as the day is long. Criminologists, however, know him as the No. 1 criminal of the age, and they think that perhaps he could, if he cared to, clear up the location of a long-hunted cache of stolen jewels which may be worth $10,000,000.

Of course, the white-haired, prison-wise Arthur Barry, who enjoys only the limited freedom of a parolee, insists that the fences, dice croupiers and champagne clubs of the roaring '20s took most of his loot, and that Wall Street got his last $350,000 in the Crash of '29. "From now on," he says piously, "I want to live a life as far removed as possible from my old one."

But many experts are unconvinced by the protestations of this affable, cultured and enigmatic man. He was a psychologically minded criminal. Scorning violence and forced entries, he employed a calculated bedside manner to soothe frightened women and overawe their husbands so they wouldn't reach for telephone or gun.

His female victims praised his generosity in returning sentimental keepsakes. "He was a charming fellow," exclaimed the most famous of them, Mrs. Jesse L. Livermore, wife of the multimillionaire "Boy Wizard of Wall Street."

Rather short and stocky, Barry dressed always in the height of fashion, and for formal occasions had a complete wardrobe of evening wear. With dark wavy hair, a firm chin, and a square, strong face, he gave the impression of power, but a slightly cynical smile usually pulled at the corners of his mouth.

It is easy to understand how this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arch-crook became sentimentalized in the credulous '20s as a dashing new Robin Hood ("I stole only from the rich," Barry maintained). He may have stolen only from the rich, but he never helped support his old mother back home in Worcester, Massachusetts. And the verdict of his intimate accomplice, Boston Billy Monahan, was: "A rat who would send his own brother to the chair!"

In this double life as Arthur Barry, Prince of Thieves, and Arthur J. Gibson, wealthy man of leisure, he knew both the celebrated and notorious: Evangeline Adams, who twice cast his horoscope; William Fallon, the brilliant criminal lawyer; Fuller and McGee, the bucketshop partners, and assorted politicians and crooks.

BARRY WAS BORN in 1890 to a respectable, hard-working couple in Worcester. He toyed with the idea of becoming a surgeon, but rigorous training bored him. Instead, he quit school, clerked sporadically, gambled, and, at 20, committed his first job, a jewelry theft which netted about $1,000.

Soon thereafter, Barry left town and began perfecting his $10,000,000 robbery technique. "Burglary as I practiced it successfully for nearly two decades is about 80 per cent preparation and 20 per cent luck," he once told a reporter.

First, he consulted the stars, and if they indicated trouble, he postponed the crime to a more propitious date. Next, he studied the society pages and memorized train schedules for the area he was working.

Days in advance of the robbery, he "cased" the mansion. If the householder relied on a watchdog, as did the Percy A. Rockefellers in Greenwich, Connecticut, and the Livermores on Long Island, Barry, a dog lover himself, knew how to charm the animals into silence. The Livermores, for example, kept a formidable red chow and a vicious police dog. Barry fed them chicken sandwiches as he waited for the Livermores to return from a party.

From his study of train movements, police routine and the probable retiring hour of the victim, he devised a schedule as tight as any timetable. He liked to arrive at the scene early and make a "test" entry, either by trellis or ladder. The critical thing, he emphasized, was in handling the victims.

"I never allowed myself to become excited," he said. "Fear or excitement quickly transmits itself to persons around you. I didn't want my victims to get hysterical."

With this slick technique, Barry operated successfully for years, robbing, among others, polo player Tommy Hitchcock, Lady Mountbatten, Mrs. H. E. Talbot and the Percy Rockefellers. This last job, though a modest $35,000 affair, was a blunder, because Rockefeller put private detectives on the case.

When things became uncomfortable, Barry hastily left for Paris, where he fitted easily into the tourist set and met plump, blonde Anna Blake, a woman of breeding who was ten years his senior.

Whatever one may think of her judgment, poor Anna paid miserably for the last love affair of her 40s. She returned to America with Barry, married him (under the proper horoscopic auspices), and was loyal until she died. In return,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barry was "as faithful as a rattlesnake," according to one of the officers who captured him.

In the fall of 1924, Barry, impeccable in white tie and tails, shinnied up a trellis at the Long Island estate of Joshua S. Cosden, oil millionaire, and crashed a party in honor of the young Prince of Wales. The Prince and "Dr. Gibson" hit it off right away, and the newspapers noted that the Prince disappeared until after 5 A.M.

It was reported that he spent the intervening hours with "Dr. Gibson" at two Manhattan night spots —Texas Guinan's and the Florida Club. At 5 A.M. next day, the Doctor and his colleague, Boston Billy, returned to the Cosden home and stole $125,000 in jewels.

Barry's triumph and his undoing came three years later in the Livermore robbery. In 1927, he noted that the colorful Wall Street figure was staging a party at the Sands Point Casino on the night of May 29. At 8:30, before the Livermores had left for the Casino, he climbed the trellis into a maid's room for his preliminary study. While the Livermores were gone, he and Boston Billy located a getaway car on the estate next door, found a ladder, and shared their sandwiches with the two watchdogs.

About 1:30 A.M., after the Livermores and two guests had retired, Barry and Boston Billy entered the bedroom of Harry Aronsohn, a silk millionaire, and his wife. In his soft fashion, Barry requested that Mrs. Aronsohn give him a $17,000 ring, took a $1,500 watch from her husband, and scooped up other valuables. Then he and Boston Billy backed down the ladder, carried it to a terrace, and entered the Livermore chamber.

"What is it?" Mrs. Livermore called out when the beam of the flashlight played on her.

"We've just come to collect the jewels," Barry said reassuringly. "You'll never miss them." And he took Mrs. Livermore's gems from her dressing table.

Then, by car and train, he and Boston Billy made a getaway. He visited Anna at their home near Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, and subsequently unloaded the jewels, getting $35,000 for a pearl necklace alone. But he had neglected to cast his horoscope and, though he didn't know it, the Rockefeller detectives and Val O'Farrell, brilliant ex-New York police lieutenant, were already closing in on him.

Thus, on the night of June 5, when the 7:13 pulled in to Ronkonkoma, a private detective was on the train along with Barry and Anna, while four Long Island detectives waited on the platform.

Barry spotted them, shouted to his wife, and doubled back into the train. Guns drawn, they cornered him near the last car. Anna was picked up, too, and they were placed in jail at Mineola.

After a day of questioning, Barry made a deal. If the authorities would release Anna who, he insisted, knew nothing about the robberies, he would confess. But he threw as much blame as he could on his missing partner, Boston Billy, and tipped off police that Monahan always carried two guns.

Soon, Billy was caught near New London, Connecticut, and the two men pleaded guilty, each heaping recriminations on the other. Billy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drew 40 years and was sent to Dannemora so that he couldn't get at Barry, whom he had sworn to kill. Barry, because of the confession, got only 25 years and was sent to Sing Sing.

Not long afterward, the faithful Anna, it was suspected, tried to smuggle a gun to Barry, and he was transferred to Auburn. There, it was believed, she was more successful in getting a weapon to "the whitest guy I know."

On Sunday afternoon, July 28, 1929, while most of the 1,700 Auburn convicts were resting or playing ball, a prisoner blinded a guard by dashing ammonia into his face and another seized his keys. Barry, according to the prison grapevine, had planned the riot, down to the seizure of the prison arsenal and the firing of the shops. But when the time came, he deserted the others, except for three pals, and under heavy fire scaled the high wall. Two bullets winged him, but somehow he managed to flee 26 miles in a stolen car to Syracuse. The escapees had scattered, and two of them were quickly caught. The third, who went with Barry, was pushed out of the car by his pal, he maintained when captured.

Near Syracuse, abandoning the car, Barry tramped for miles through mud and rain, weakened by loss of blood, and when he stole another machine the owner sent a bullet through the windshield. The shattered glass flew into both eyes, and Barry abandoned the car. Holding his right eye open with his fingers, he fled on foot to the Albany highway and found another car. Driving and shifting with his left hand, while he held his eye open, he reached the town of Fonda and got a train for Albany.

There, next morning, a barber removed splinters from the right eye and he went to New York where an eye specialist repaired his badly damaged left eye. But he didn't dare let any physician treat his gunshot wounds, and for four long months doctored them himself.

Though the "heat" was on, Barry recklessly made a rendezvous with Anna and they took an apartment in Newark, New Jersey. His only disguise consisted of glasses, a mustache and a henna hair dye.

Later, he buried himself as a roomer in a farmhouse in the Kittatinny Mountains near Andover, New Jersey, passing as a windshield-wiper salesman and taking such an interest in local affairs that he was groomed to run for Town Assessor.

"He had a great political future in Andover," mourned a party leader after his arrest.

With the Lindbergh kidnaping on March 1, 1932, and the finding of the body two and a half months later, every detective in the country made the underworld miserable by snooping. Among them was a woman who knew Anna and firmly believed that Barry was the kidnaper. A newsdealer recognized his Rogues Gallery photograph as that of "James Toomer," the wiper salesman, who regularly bought the New York papers from him.

In October, Barry was surprised at the farmhouse while tenderly bathing a poodle which had suffered a broken spine, and surrendered quietly. Both New Jersey police and O'Farrell built up a damning circumstantial case against him as master mind and perhaps

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

executor of the Lindbergh crime.

Finally, O'Farrell said, he had witnesses who had seen Barry in the Bronx about the time that Dr. John F. (Jafsie) Condon, the unpredictable Lindbergh intermediary, handed $50,000 to the presumed kidnaper. But Jafsie flatly denied Barry was the man in the cemetery, so authorities had to be satisfied with shipping him back to Auburn.

In November, 1949, a stocky man, still handsome, still dapper in a gray suit, walked out of prison. Again, he denied existence of any $10,000,000 cache of jewels. "If there was so much as a cuff link," he assured Nassau District Attorney Frank Gulotta, "I would tell you."

But the late District Attorney Elvin N. Edwards and Police Inspector Harold R. King, the men who had put him away in the first place, were so convinced of the existence of the cache that for five years they repeatedly visited Barry in prison and offered time off his sentence if he would divulge its location.

The area around his Ronkonkoma cottage was searched in 1933 when road workers found thousands of dollars' worth of jewels buried near the Barry house. And as late as 1940, when Anna Blake lay dying in the charity ward of a Long Island hospital, a detective was at her bedside. But Anna, still faithful to "my boy," died without opening her lips.

Even today's generation of police doesn't believe Barry's protestations that his loot was poured into gambling. Recently, with equipment for detecting gold and platinum objects, Nassau and Suffolk counties joined forces in a new search of the Ronkonkoma neighborhood. Perhaps science may yet uncover what almost a quarter-century of old-fashioned police grilling has failed to produce.

Much Ado about Matrimony

THE REASON Cupid makes so many bad shots these days is that he is shooting at the heart while looking at the hosiery. —*As You Go News*

THE DREAM is when he promises to fulfill her smallest desire; the awakening comes when he has to fulfill the large ones!

—ADRIAN BIRMINGHAM

IT'S only logical that the wedding gift should be addressed to the bride. Whoever heard of a trophy going to the deer the hunter had bagged? —J. W. PELKIE

AT LEAST, the groom at a "shotgun wedding" never wonders "why he ever married" his wife.

—H. E. MARTZ

MOST large weddings are just an exchange of $10 worth of champagne for $6 worth of pickle forks.

—WMCA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAN AGAINST BABOON

An explorer tells of his most terrifying African adventure

by ALEXANDER LAKE

THERE ARE GRAY, yellow, black, green and Egyptian baboons in Africa. All have many manlike characteristics, but in only the gray baboon of the South African *kopjes* is behavior so nearly human as to be almost unbelievable.

The gray baboon, familiar to every zoo-goer, is one of the most maligned and misjudged animals in the world. Much of this is due to the fact that his habits completely change in captivity—where most of us see him. He loses his sense of dignity. Often he becomes rude and even indecent, showing only contempt for man.

In the Transvaal, where I have closely observed the gray baboon, he displays a measure of respect for us . . . and for himself. He is monogamous, a family man, and has strong social instincts. When unmolested, he is kindly and usually playful, but when angered he is as furiously dangerous as any animal in Africa.

One of his most outstanding characteristics is his almost human-like love of his young. He will make any sacrifice for them, and leap to terrible attack if they are in danger. When a baby baboon dies, the mother gives every evidence of almost unbearable anguish.

One of the most memorable—and terrifying—experiences of my life involved a baby baboon. One summer morning I had been standing at the base of a hill for almost an hour watching some playing youngsters through my field glasses.

Suddenly, the abrupt cessation of barks and roars on the hillside startled me; and when out of the silence a single voice rose in a despairing wail, I felt an actual chill flicker on the back of my neck.

The wail became a long drawn-out moan, and rose again to a sort of agonized shriek. Then I saw something I had never seen baboons do before. Males from every part of the hill began moving *silently* toward the outcry.

I sensed that it was a female voicing that unbearable distress. So human, so urgent was her appeal that,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without realizing it, I, too, moved toward her, my hand on the revolver at my side.

I stopped after a few paces, for the silence of those converging males was ominous. I had watched this troop approach threatening pythons, leopards and men many times, but always before, it had been with roars, barks and discordant challenges.

The wailing stopped as the males concentrated near a rock out-cropping halfway up the slope. They sat motionless, not even turning their heads. I watched them until the heat from my face misted my field glasses.

As I wiped the lenses, I became aware of the chief troop leader emerging from behind a boulder less than 30 feet away. He sat down, facing me, his arms dangling, and stared over my head. My hand started toward my revolver, but something in his attitude restrained me from drawing.

Then, from behind that same boulder, five more troop leaders moved into the open and seated themselves in a row a few feet behind their chief. They, too, looked past me into the distance.

This situation was not only beyond my experience, but it was beyond anything I had ever imagined. The old "headman" was a fighting baboon, of which there is at least one in every troop. Not long before, I had seen him kill a boar hound by holding it by the ears, and tearing out its insides with his bare hands. Now he sat there, motionless, seeing me from the corners of his eyes.

I didn't know what to do. I felt the slight breeze cool the nervous sweat on my forehead. My revolver was useless against so many. Afraid to take my eyes off them, I moved backward slowly, gaining a few inches at a time.

Then the baboon chief looked at me. Usually, it is impossible to get a baboon to look you in the eyes, but this big 150-pounder was staring straight into mine. His eyes were yellow, with red highlights. In them was no anger, no excitement—just a strange straining, as if he were desperately trying to break through the darkness between his primitive mind and mine.

I said, "My God!" Sweat streamed down my sides. I backed another few inches, and he shifted his eyes to a point over my shoulder.

ANOTHER WAIL rose shrill above me. All six of the baboons got to their feet and moved directly up the slope. They didn't look back, but I *knew* they wanted me to follow their lead.

I did. My mind was in a conflict of curiosity, wonder, unbelief and fear. I wanted to turn and run, yet I seemed impelled to see this thing through to the end.

As I rounded the huge out-cropping, the ring of males sitting near it moved back. The six leaders walked a little way, then grouped themselves on their haunches and stared past me. The female who had been wailing backed away several yards, sat down and was quiet.

Almost at my feet, a baby baboon writhed and twisted on the ground. I wanted to pick it up—do something for it—but I didn't dare. Even to touch a baby baboon is the surest way to bring every male in the troop down upon you in rag-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing anger. Some men, and many dogs, have been torn to shreds for such temerity.

I looked at the ring of silent males. I looked at the six huddled leaders. None seemed to know I was there. I glanced at the baby's mother. She, too, stared far off.

As a game hunter, I had faced peril many times. I knew what fear was, and how I reacted to it. But this conflict within me between the urge to help the baboon baby, and the drive to get away as fast as I could, was something new.

I took a tentative step toward the little sufferer, then glanced at the baboons. They didn't shift their gazes. I took another step, and stopped. Still no movement. I looked at the mother. Her fangs were bared, but she wasn't looking at me.

I moved to within a yard of the little fellow, and saw the cause of its desperate sickness. A tiny pile of corn kernels, stained a light green with ant poison, lay near him. Two or three half-chewed kernels were in the foam around his lips.

I knew at once what had happened. Charlie, the boy in charge of my cows, had poisoned the corn and left it on the hillside. He hated baboons. Poisoned corn is not dangerous to adult baboons, but babies have to learn.

Fear vanished in a rush of anger, and I knelt beside the gasping youngster. My canteen was filled with bitter-strong coffee. I opened the baby's mouth and poured coffee down his throat. He struggled weakly. His mother made a hoarse but subdued squawk.

I massaged the little body and nature took a hand; his protesting stomach rejected the poisoned food. I poured more coffee into him. He lay still, and I thought he was dead. He gasped and moved. More coffee. He lay panting.

I watched, realizing that if he died, I would probably die, too. Spasms shook him, but they came farther and farther apart. He began making soft whimpering noises. The mother moved toward me. I backed away. With a rush, she gathered up her baby and, holding him in one arm, jolted away on three legs.

There was a weakness in my own legs, and I thought I would fall. With my foot, I crushed the poisoned kernels into the ground, then looked up to see the baboons ambling away about their business. By the time I had gone 100 feet, they were again barking and laughing all over the hill.

I soon got over my fright, but I have never forgotten the intense "yearning" in the eyes of that baboon leader. I have known ever since that the baboon is closer to the fringe of human thought than most persons can believe.

Today

TODAY's progressive American is one who wears last year's suit, drives this year's car, and lives on next year's salary. —COL. TOM SPENCER

TODAY's children insist that their elders treat them as grownups; which wouldn't be bad if only the kids would return the compliment.
—ROBERT WALDEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture Story

FLYING SAUCERS: MYTH OR MENACE?

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS

IT ALL BEGAN on a sparkling day in 1947. Businessman Kenneth Arnold, flying his plane past Mt. Rainier, saw a strange line of disc-like aircraft sweeping by with incredible speed and in perfect formation. They looked like flipped saucers in flight, he said later. Soon, the nation was deluged with reports of other unaccountable objects in the sky. Some called it mass hallucination. Others were sure the craft came from another world. There has, as yet, been no definitive explanation. So far, the answer lies hidden in the vast, trackless sky above.

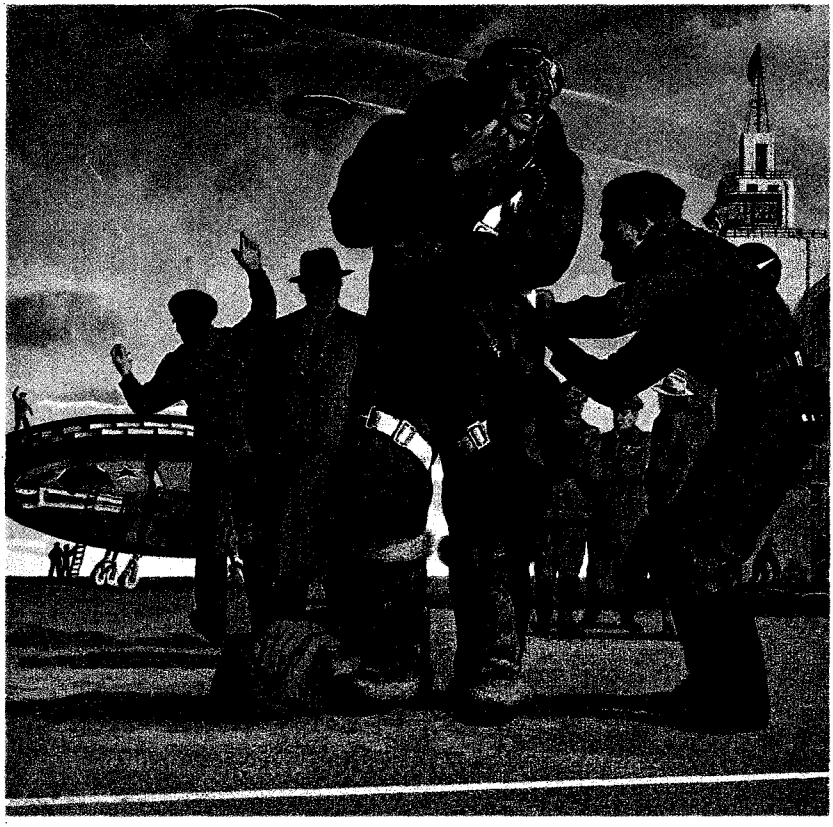
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It first appeared over Madisonville, Kentucky, in the early afternoon of January 7, 1948. State police called Fort Knox: "One of those flying saucers just flew over, headed in your direction." A few minutes later a lookout at nearby Godman Air Base spotted a red glow in the sky. It was then that Capt. Thomas Mantell got the order that sent him to his doom: "Investigate!" Roaring up to 18,000 feet, the pilot reported: "It looks metallic . . . of tremendous size." Then: "I'm going up to 20,000 feet . . ." That was his last message. Later in the day his shattered plane was found near Fort Knox. The Air Force guessed that Mantell had chased the planet Venus into the sky until he blacked out. But what of the other officers at Godman who had seen the "thing"? And wouldn't an experienced flier have recognized the oncoming effects of oxygen blackout, and descended? What was it, then, that killed Mantell? Fifteen months after his death came the official report: "The mysterious object . . . is still unidentified."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

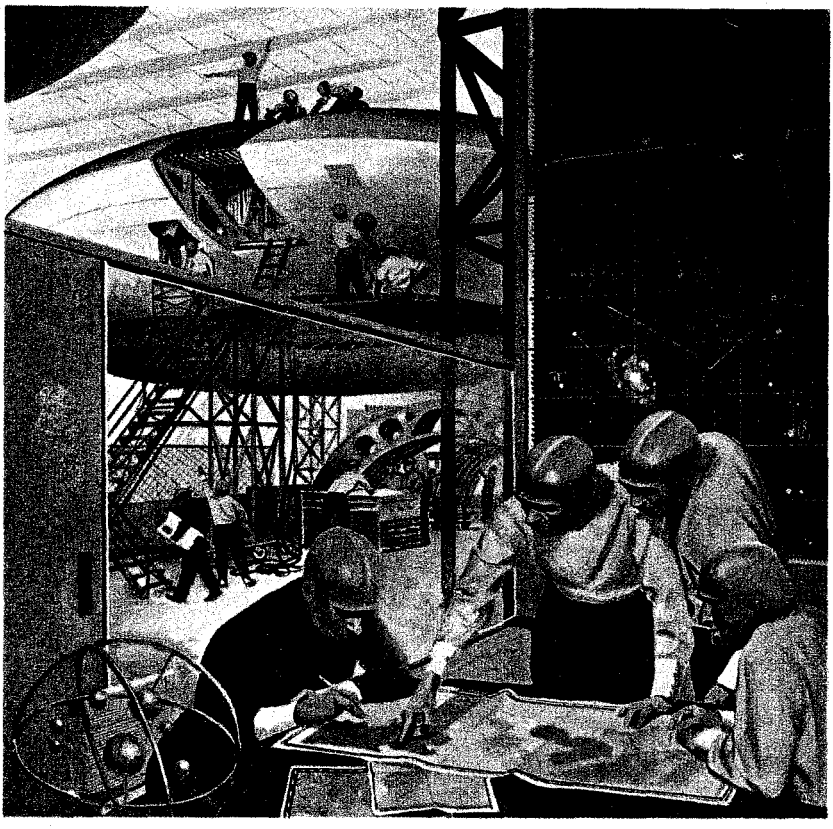
On January 22, 1948, the Air Force assigned technicians to probe into some 270 saucer-sightings. On October 1, 1948, Lt. George F. Gorman pursued a light through the skies until it finally eluded him at 14,000 feet. On December 26, 1949, a balloon expert averred that the flying discs bore observers from the planet Venus. On December 27, the Air Force terminated Project Saucer, attributing the sightings to "a mild form of mass hysteria." The very next day, residents of Hamlet, North Carolina, spotted another odd-shaped craft in the sky. By now, the whole nation was asking: Are the saucers real? Where in the world—or out of it—do they come from? One group insisted that atomic explosions had disturbed a lost race of men who lived in Polar caves. These underground men, flying magnetically controlled craft, were trying to discover what had set the earth a-tremble. And even as people gasped at theories that dwarfed even the most lurid science fiction, new saucer reports poured in—and new theories poured out.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Soon, the inevitable question arose—could it be that the saucers came from Russia? Leo Bentz, a pioneer auto-builder, came forth with an answer: Almost 20 years before, he had witnessed a secret demonstration of crude, saucer-like craft. Their designer? An inventor named George De Bay, who had made detailed blueprints for space ships that would skip through the air like a flat stone. Where was De Bay now? No one knew, but Bentz made an ominous guess: "It is my belief that George De Bay went to Russia before the war and is still there." Instantly, a storm of controversy arose: "The Russians are using saucers to ferret out our deepest military secrets," said some. "If the Russians did have such a craft," replied others with heat, "they certainly would not be foolish enough to fly it over the U. S. and risk it falling into our hands if it crashed." In the end, the consensus was that the Russians were hardly equipped to have made such radical aeronautical progress, and men of science turned to other theories.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Between Earth and the planet Venus, some now said, seven mysterious "planes" travel through space. One of them, according to the Borderland Sciences Research Associates, is Etheria. Until now its very existence has eluded ordinary scientific investigation. Only when atomic blasts on Earth attracted their attention, did the Etherians evidence interest in us. In space ships whose outer skin was wrought of a metal tougher than steel, they flew along magnetic lines of force into the atmosphere of Earth. We saw their craft at night as flashing fire balls of red and green. We saw them by day as discs that flew at incredible speeds and executed fantastic maneuvers. Troubled and confused, we dubbed them Flying Saucers and went to weird lengths to explain their existence. We failed utterly to recognize the truth. Such is the elaborately worked-out theory of the Borderlanders. Does it hold up? Until there is a definitive report on the saucers, the Etherians can appeal to our credibility as well as anyone—or anything.

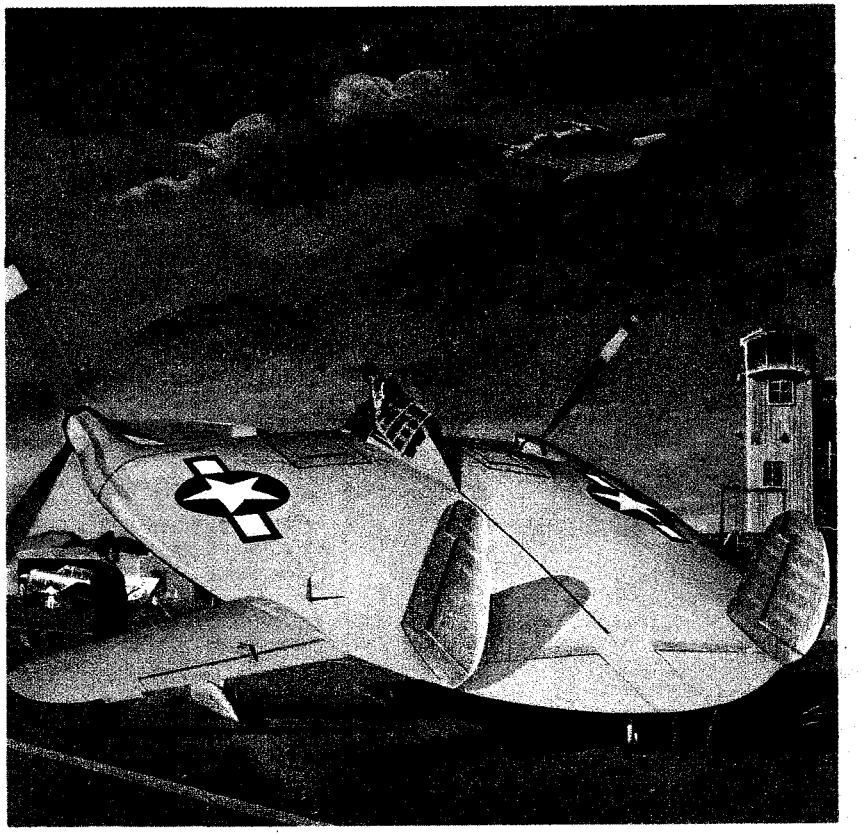
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Midway through 1950, new coals were heaped on what had developed into a nationwide debate. In a book called *Behind the Flying Saucers*, author Frank Scully took a stand, not on the shifting sands of theory but on what he claimed to be the hard ground of fact. Quoting an anonymous scientist, Scully described the eye-witnessing of a grounded saucer—as well as its crew of 16—deep in the New Mexican desert. Its occupants were men no taller than 42 inches, who wore dark blue uniforms. They were all dead. The craft was 99.9 inches in diameter and had a cabin 72 inches high. All other measurements were divisible by nine. It bore radios no larger than a cigarette package, no weapons, and was covered with a tough, heat-resistant metal. Later, the same scientist saw three other such craft. Where did they come from? The unnamed observer was certain that the answer was Venus. Was there any reason to believe that Scully had daydreamed his fantastic story? To date, no one has disproved any part of it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sightings continued unabated. On the evening of April 27, 1950, Capt. Robert F. Manning, veteran TWA pilot, spotted a fiery red ball in the sky. Puzzled, he nudged his copilot, Robert Adickes: "What do you make of that?" Adickes looked, reached for his microphone and called Chicago: "Ask ATC if there's any traffic near us?" Back came a negative answer. Quickly Adickes alerted the passengers, while Manning tried to sneak up on the mysterious red craft. It was no use. No matter which way he turned, the fast-flying disc eluded him and, in the end, simply vanished into the night. When they landed, the fliers made a full report: never before had a saucer-viewer been solidly backed by 21 witnesses. Now the nationwide sightings reached a peak. Fireballs, discs and projectile-like flames were reported over areas as widely separated as New Mexico, Alaska and Korea. And more than one amateur photographer had an enduring pictorial record of what many persisted in referring to as mass hysteria.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Reporters crowded into the summer White House at Key West. A magazine had just revealed that the flying saucers were really a revolutionary Navy aircraft, and word had gotten around that President Truman would make a statement. Was the mystery solved at last? Into the room strode a press secretary: "Gentlemen, the President has asked me to tell you that he knows nothing of any flying saucers being developed by this or any other country. We know nothing to support these rumors." Immediately a new flood of theories was unleashed: if the saucers weren't ours, *that* proved they came from another planet; they were really weather balloons; according to a respected astrophysicist, they were "optical ghosts," caused by a displacement of warm air. Whatever they are, sightings are constantly being reported—even on radar screens. Hidden somewhere in the skies from which the saucers come and into which they vanish, lies the answer. Some day soon, the truth may break in the greatest news story of all time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIRACLES AT MYTILENE

by PAUL DEUTSCHMAN and CECIL CARNES

THE OLD PARABLE says: "Cast your bread upon the waters; for you shall find it after many days."

This is a story of "bread"—barely a crumb or two—that was cast upon the waters of a remote Greek island in the Aegean Sea by the American people themselves.

It happened to the Marshall Plan Showboat in the summer of 1950. This sturdy, 84-foot sailboat makes one-night stands at widely separated Greek islands, showing the people there—through motion pictures and displays—how Americans live and what we are doing to help their stricken country lift itself from the devastation of war. One afternoon when the Showboat was bound for the Island of Lemnos, a terrible storm struck. For 15 hours the crew was at the mercy of giant waves and screaming winds. They knew they were being driven miles off course, but there was nothing to do but ride the storm out.

Early next morning the storm abated and the anxious crew sighted land. As word passed to the helmsman to head for shore, a small boat hove into sight.

"We signaled the boat," said Paul Hurmuses, 27-year-old Canadian of Greek parentage who was in command of the Showboat. "Through the driving spray, you could see there was one man aboard. When he saw we were strangers in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distress, he motioned for us to follow him into port."

In the gray dawn there was an air of stagnation to the seaside town. In the harbor were several dozen sad-looking fishing boats. In the distance on a hilltop stood a small, gray-stone church, half-hidden by trees. Strung along the single dusty street were shabby adobe houses. But the shore itself was lined with some 100 people who had turned out to see the strange vessel enter their lifeless harbor.

"I noticed there was something odd about these people," said Hurmuses. "Usually, there is a holiday atmosphere when we come into a harbor, but here not a sound. The people seemed dispirited."

Calling out to them, Hurmuses learned this was a place called Sigri on the Island of Mytilene. A voyage to Mytilene was on the Showboat's schedule, though not till some months later. But no one had ever bothered to list little Sigri as a place to be visited.

The man who had piloted them to shore helped moor the Showboat, then said: "Welcome to Sigri! What can we do for you?"

Hurmuses glanced at the hungry-looking little man, at the ragged people, and wondered what in the world *they* could do for him. He asked if they had a telephone, so that he could call Lemnos.

The man, who said his name was Agios and that he was village schoolmaster, said sadly: "There is no telephone in Sigri, nor is there radio. We have few ties with the outside world."

Now a murmur went through the crowd which had quietly gathered behind the little schoolmaster.

"They want to know why you have come here," Agios said. "Perhaps you can tell them through me. I speak their dialect."

"Tell them," answered Hurmuses, "that our job is to inform the islanders about America."

Then, realizing he couldn't get to Lemnos in time, he added: "Also tell them that tonight we shall entertain them with our regular show —with cinema and exhibits about the great friendship that exists between America and Greece and all the other free peoples."

But the news that the ship represented far-off America and that there would be a show made no impression on the villagers. Hurmuses asked why.

"The people do not have much hope for the future," Agios replied. "Things have been very bad with us for a long time."

Hurmuses did not press for a further explanation. "Tell the people," he said, "that whoever comes to our show tonight will receive a gift from the people of America, a gift from the Marshall Plan."

THAT AFTERNOON, the Showboat crew moved their equipment to the decrepit schoolhouse at the far end of the street. No one lent a helping hand except the schoolmaster. No children followed them about, as in the other places they had visited. There were no welcoming ceremonies, no beakers of home-made wine pressed into their hands.

But that evening, Sigri's entire population jammed the ancient one-room school and forced latecomers to hang onto windowsills. Hurmuses attributed this unexpected turnout to the fact that the villagers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were curious about the gifts which had been promised them.

These were handed out as the people filed in. They were fishhooks, six for each person. This was done in every village the Showboat visited, because, some months before, Marshall Plan officials in Greece had uncovered a cache of fishhooks in a former UNRRA warehouse.

"Usually, people were happy about getting fishhooks in the other island villages," Hurmuses said, "since so many of them are fishermen. However, I noticed the people here were looking at the hooks curiously, almost with disbelief. Then the light went out before I could analyze their reaction."

The film program was like that put on in most places the Showboat visited. First, there was an "ERP in Action" newsreel showing various Marshall Plan projects; then a "short" on the United Nations in Korea; another on the inauguration of President Truman; an animated cartoon showing how the Marshall Plan worked; and, most important, a feature on the planning and building of Hoover Dam.

The Dam film told the story of American farmers who wanted to divert a river in order to irrigate their crops and stave off drought. They held a meeting and passed a resolution, which was then adopted by their county and later their state capital. Finally, their representatives interested Congress in it, until a great project was put into effect, benefiting three states. Without actually saying it in so many words, the film showed what people could do through community action.

When the light went on in the schoolroom, faces seemed lit with a newfound animation. Hurmuses saw a group of men gathered about the teacher, eagerly asking questions.

"They want to know about this place called 'Hoover Dam,' " Agios said. "Are these people in the picture ordinary people—just like us?"

"Yes, they are."

"Do they have troubles like we have? It was not easy for them at first to start this project?"

Hurmuses said this was true.

Then one villager turned to Agios and said: "Schoolmaster, you were right. People can do anything they want, if only they keep their faith. Perhaps all that was missing in Sigri was faith. . . . Schoolmaster, tell these Americans they have accomplished a miracle."

This was translated for Hurmuses. "What kind of miracle?" he asked.

"It is the miracle of the storm that brought you here in the first place to tell us of the outside world," Agios said. "Also, there is the miracle you accomplished through giving us these fishhooks. We have had no hooks for a long time and our fishermen have stopped going to sea. That is why our boats are lying useless in the harbor.

"I have told the people that if we have faith, God will surely find a way for us to catch fish again—and bring food to our families. I am no fisherman. But that is why I go to sea each morning in my own little boat, to demonstrate my faith. I knew that someday something would happen, and it did."

There were tears in the schoolmaster's eyes as he spoke; and most of the people who surrounded him were crying also.

It was now midnight. But no one slept in Sigri. The villagers sur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rounded the Showboat's crew, pummeling them with eager questions about the outside world. Finally, the crewmen were able to break away and, this time with many eager hands helping, to move their equipment to the dock.

While the Showboat's crew loaded up in the light of their own generator, the majority of the villagers moved to the quayside holding lamps, while fishermen swarmed over their boats—bailing, cleaning, swabbing and re-rigging.

At dawn, when the Showboat crew had said good-bye, they noticed a strange thing. A fleet of fishing boats was putting to sea alongside them. Hurmuses asked the schoolmaster what was happening.

"The men are going back to sea again," Agios said. "Now that they have hooks, they are eager to fish."

"What about you?" Hurmuses asked. "Are you coming with us?"

"There are other things for me to do," the schoolteacher said, his face lighting. "I will have a busy day today. The people say they will send their children to school again —now that there is something worth living for. And the priest has just told me that this Sunday we shall have a special thanksgiving prayer in honor of this day that the Americans came to Mytilene."

The dawn breeze carried the Showboat out to sea with her escort of tiny fishing boats cutting circles about her. On shore, when the crew members looked back, they could see the people still holding flickering lamps up against the last moments of darkness. It was their way of saying that the miracle of the storm and the miracle of the fishhooks had rekindled the faith of a forgotten people.

You *can earn extra money for Christmas!*
. . . *Coronet's* Free *Kit tells you how!*

CHRISTMAS-TIME *can* be extra "cash-time" when you sell friends, neighbors and businessmen all the popular magazines at special money-saving holiday rates.

It's a fact that magazine subscriptions make the ideal Christmas gift . . . and it's also a fact that thousands of people like yourself earn *extra cash* by becoming Coronet Community Representatives. With today's rising prices, it's important for *you* to have an additional source of income, and by representing all the fast-selling, leading magazines, you can assure yourself of steady profits during the holiday season, as well as throughout the year.

There's no experience needed . . . there's no investment to make . . . and the big Christmas gift-giving season is just starting. So write immediately for your FREE Sales Kit which will start you in a part-time business of your own. Address:

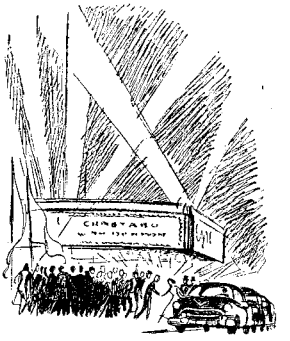
James M. Foster, Coronet Subscription Agency, Dept. 255, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STARS DEFINE

MINNESOTA: The only state with 10,000 lakes and 5,000 fish.
—CEDRIC ADAMS

GOLF: A game in which a small ball is chased by men who are too old to chase anything else. —JAN MURRAY



MODERN HOME: One where everything is controlled by switches except the children.
—DAVE GARROWAY

MISTRESS: Exactly like a wife, except she doesn't have to do the dishes. —ABE BURROWS

KLEPTOMANIAC: One who helps himself because he can't help himself.
—HENRY MORGAN

WAFFLE: A welcome mat with syrup spread on it. —BOB CROSBY

FAN CLUB: A group of people who agree with an actor that he's not alone in how he feels about himself.
—JACK CARSON

LADY: A woman who makes it easy for a man to be a gentleman.
—DOROTHY SARNOFF

SIBERIA: A mighty big country—but nobody knows just how big because nobody has ever come back from there. —VICTOR BORGE

CLIMATE: Weather approved by the Chamber of Commerce.
—RONALD COLMAN

LOS ANGELES: An induction center for Reno. —MILTON BERLE

WAVES: Sailors who go down to the sea in slips. —BOB HOPE

CALIFORNIA: Only place in the world where you can fall asleep under a rosebush in full bloom and freeze to death before morning.
—JOE FRISCO

GOURMET: A fellow who, if he were on a breadline, would demand buttered toast. —MORTON DOWNEY

HOLLYWOOD: A place where as soon as a man can afford a Ford, he buys a Cadillac. —GENE NELSON

PERSEVERANCE: The ability to stick to something you're not stuck on.
—LANNY ROSS

FIREPROOF: The boss's son.—LEW PARKER

TOASTMASTER: A speaker who uses a few appropriated words.
—HARRY HERSHFIELD

HORS D'OEUVRES: A ham sandwich cut into 40 pieces. —JACK BENNY

DISCUSSION: An argument where you just keep talking and you don't throw anything. —JOEY ADAMS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Brains in Your Head

by JOHN PFEIFFER

Science is still probing the secrets of our mental processes

THE HUMAN BRAIN is three pounds of a pinkish-gray mass, rubbery to the touch, about the size of a cantaloupe. As you read this sentence, nerve cells in your head are writhing about like a nest of aroused snakes. Delicate fibers are sliding forward, retreating, swelling and shrinking in a sort of breathing rhythm, waving from side to side.

The cells of the brain cannot rest. They are continually being prodded by electrical "shocks"—sense impressions streaming in at the rate of several billion a second. The proddings bring about meaningful patterns of activity among large groups of cells, so that they send electrical shocks of their own to each other and to the muscles. All this produces the ideas, emotions and drives which determine how you behave.

A billion years of evolution went into the shaping of the brain. It is not a single nerve center but a collection of centers inherited from animals that lived in times past. Like the earth's fossil-bearing rocks, its most recent layers lie on the surface and ancient structures are piled underneath, one on top of the other. At the top is the so-called cortex, the outer bark or roof-brain —a sheet of gray matter whose nerve fibers are housed in the bulging cerebral hemispheres.

Passing spineward down the levels of the brain is like running a motion picture of evolution backwards. The levels represent stages in the history of the brain and include, in descending order, nerve centers which first appeared in mammals, reptiles, amphibians and fish.

Still further down is an up-to-date model of what was once an elastic rod, nature's version of the whale-bone supports in Victorian corsets. Your spine originated in a wormlike creature that used its hooked nose to crawl through the mud of primeval seas.

Somewhere in this hierarchy of organs is the secret of man's superiority over other animals. For more than 2,000 years, philosophers have been trying to locate the seat of imagination, mind, soul. Many researchers are convinced that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most human part of the brain is the outer bark at the top.

For one thing, the outer bark is one of the latest additions to the brain. Speaking geologically, it was "born yesterday," about a hundred million years ago, when North America was a tropical cape jutting off the northeast part of Asia, and Florida and the West Indies were still in one piece.

Studies of the brain require a menagerie of animals, a host of difficult laboratory techniques, and an eye for anatomical detail. During the last 30 years, Dr. Elizabeth Crosby of the University of Michigan, one of the leading authorities on evolution of the nervous system, has examined hundreds of brains, using minks, cats, rats, parakeets, chickens and opossums, as well as monkeys. Other investigators have explored the animal kingdom from sponges and jellyfish to chimpanzees and man.

Such work reveals that many fibers carrying messages from other parts of the human body end in the roof-brain—the most elaborate organ that nature has yet evolved. It contains about twice as many cells (fifty billion according to the latest count) as the roof-brain of the highest ape.

These cells form an organization that resembles the top-secret rooms in the Pentagon Building where lights on wall-sized maps indicate the shifting positions of troops and targets. Its outposts include nearly five million sense organs in the skin to register pain, touch, pressure and temperature.

When you stub your toe, signals are flashed to "toe" areas on the roof-brain maps. Special areas, mapping the body in amazing detail, receive messages from eyes, ears, nose and all other parts of the body.

A stubbed toe hurts because of signals arriving elsewhere. But unless they were also relayed to the roof-brain, you wouldn't worry about the pain. You'd feel the pain, but you wouldn't cry out. If someone asked you if your toe hurt, you'd say "yes" in a completely matter-of-fact tone. You simply wouldn't care.

The roof-brain learns, forms abstract ideas, and predicts. It can retain an enormous number of memories. Massachusetts Institute of Technology scientists estimate that, during a lifetime, a man can store about 50 times more information than is contained in the 9,000,000 volumes of the Library of Congress!

The roof-brain is involved in a less fortunate human characteristic —a vulnerability to nervous and mental diseases. The failure of relatively few cells can produce storms of violent and uncontrollable muscle movements. Epileptic attacks may be caused by an injury so tiny that the surgeon cannot see it.

The roof-brain is also the site of an entirely different kind of attack, an equally violent and uncontrollable storm of ideas. Roof-brain disorders produce "forced" obsessive thinking, which may be expressed in action like the repeated handwashing of a Lady Macbeth. Or it may be shut inside and give observers no direct sign of its existence.

A tumor affecting one of the eye maps in the roof-brain may bring on a flow of hallucinations. One patient saw a succession of pictures in rapid order—Teddy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roosevelt dressed in a white vest, a pale-faced Punchinello bowing repeatedly from the waist, a Japanese warrior in tortoise-shell armor, Teddy Roosevelt again (this time in a frock coat), a fat man blowing his nose, and many other images.

Imagine a set of hallucinations, organized in some horrifying pattern, and you have an idea of what goes on in the brains of people suffering from the malignant fears and despairs of mental disease.

The roof-brain isn't the whole story, either. During the last five years, researchers have been learning new facts about another part of the nervous system, a maze of closely interlaced fibers starting at about the nape of the neck. This vital part is the brainstem. It keeps us on an even keel and is a relay station on the way to the roof-brain.

We are continually walking a biological tightrope between coma and convulsion. If your blood sugar drops a fraction, you may lose consciousness; a small change in the other direction can throw you into fits. The brainstem adjusts blood-sugar levels, breathing, blood pressure and everything else that does not change with the changes of the unpredictable outside world.

The brainstem is the man at the controls. It maintains a steady head of pressure and, when the occasion demands, it pulls on the throttle. Included in the brainstem system, and buried in the brain just below ear level, is an important nerve center, the hypthmus. Recent studies indicate that this center, which is about the size of the end of your thumb, plays a vital role in sex, hunger and emotion.

Our recent knowledge of the brainstem is due largely to pioneer studies of the late Dr. Stephen W. Ranson of Northwestern University, his pupil, Dr. H. W. Magoun, now at the University of California in Los Angeles, and their co-workers.

Except perhaps for a growing boy, there are few creatures as frantically fidgety as a monkey. But damage a small portion of its brainstem and a monkey slows down to practically a dead halt, "sitting upright in one spot for hours, almost motionless, with an unchanging vacuous stare."

A cyst pressing against part of the brainstem transformed a teen-age girl into something more vegetable than human. When her feet were tickled, she smiled slowly. She would accept a piece of candy if it were placed in her hand, but did not lift it to her mouth. Instead, she would let it slide to the floor after a few minutes.

Injury to other parts of the brainstem, however, produces just the opposite effect. Animals and patients become abnormally restless. The University of Illinois Medical School has taken motion pictures of cats that acted as if they were driven by a perpetual-motion machine.

They walked incessantly, emitting a low cry and never turning aside. One animal walked into a wall and kept pushing with its head until it dropped from exhaustion. Psychiatrists have seen similar symptoms in mental patients.

These are extreme examples of what happens when the brain's neatly adjusted controls are damaged. The brainstem and the centers that have evolved from it make up a kind of common meeting ground for nerve impulses stream-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing from many parts of the body.

If you come up behind a person and tap him on the shoulder, any one of a dozen things may happen. He may know you're in the room, and simply turn his head and wait to hear what's on your mind. Or if he's hanging a picture, he won't turn until the job is completed.

If you've annoyed him, he may not move at all and simply ignore you. If he thinks he's alone—in other words, if his brain lacks information as to your whereabouts—he'll start and turn his head and body rapidly.

The turning of the head may be a reflex, and the notion that we are a bundle of reflexes is literally correct. But that doesn't mean that we are merely complicated automatons. Whether or not a particular reflex goes into action depends on the state of your body and what you're thinking, feeling and doing at the time.

The body is continually being "tapped on the shoulder." Every sense impression upsets the peace and equilibrium of some part of the body. If we tried to heed even a fraction of the impressions, we would drive ourselves insane. It would be like a waiter trying to attend to the wants of a million irritated gourmets all at once.

If there were no controls, every impression would trigger a reflex. As it is, there is a delicate system of checks and balances. The call for a reflex may be transmitted upward before it is acted upon. The nervous signal enters the central part of the human nerve net and produces a ripple of irritation. But often the reflex "waits."

Also pouring into the brainstem are countless other signals, each representing reflexes that are "straining at the leash." An enormous pooling of demands takes place. The final action in any given situation, whether it is a shoulder-tapping or a conference on the disposition of armies, represents a compromise among many demands upon the brain.

THE HIGHEST abstract ideas are probably conceived in the roof-brain, but it does not make final decisions. It sets up broad policies in close consultation with the brainstem. And if the brainstem is busy with more important matters, the roof-brain waits its turn.

Most of the time the brainstem says: "Hurry! Here's my problem. Analyze it and report back within a minute."

The roof-brain replies: "Now that's a most interesting problem. It may have some significant ramifications. I must look into them. It reminds me of. . . ."

"Hurry—within a minute!" interrupts the nerve net. The roof-brain is a bit of the professor, slightly on the academic side. If it had its own way, it would speculate endlessly and would have little to do with the real world. It is driven by the brainstem and other ancient nerve centers.

The human brain has come a long way since the sea anemone, and it is still evolving. Fossil remains show that the brains of horses, whales, deer and other mammals became larger during the course of their evolution—and most investigators expect a similar growth record for man.

As far as we can tell from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

changing anatomy of the human brain, the men and women of the future will be even more difficult to regiment than they are now. The brain is not being designed for an ant-heap society.

Also, forget the myth that during the course of future evolution the brain may grow to abnormal proportions and kill us like a malignant tumor. There is no evidence that any creature had died out because a part of its body was overgrown. If we become extinct, the odds are that the size of our brains will have nothing to do with it.

Three possibilities are open to *homo sapiens*. He may be replaced by another species, disappearing altogether or continuing as a "poor relation"—an animal which almost made it but not quite, like the chimpanzee or gorilla. What sort of animal could replace us? It might be an advanced type of ape or one of the prosimians, like the large-eyed lemur. But we have no clues.

Another possibility is that we may wipe ourselves out. Anyone acquainted with recent work on self-guiding atomic missiles cannot keep the prospect out of mind. About the only positive thing that can be said along such lines is that no other species has been able to accomplish the feat of suicide. Nature has always done its own scrapping of species.

Finally, and this has never happened either, we may be the animal that survives—and keeps on evolving. Most long-lived species that are with us today represent evolutionary dead ends. Some of them found their niches, settled down, and have reproduced practically unchanged for as much as four hundred million years.

Man alone has a brain sufficiently complex to keep him in a constant state of "maladjustment." He is always trying to go some place he has never been before—darkest Africa, the North Pole, interplanetary space. He keeps inventing new devices, new desires for the devices to satisfy, and new ways of arousing those desires.

Evolution seems to have put an extra power supply somewhere in our brainstem, roof-brain and interconnecting fibers. It has been called everything from keeping up with the Joneses (which of course, means getting ahead of them) to divine discontent. It may be enough to make man the first exception to the ironclad rule that nature either "freezes" her species, or else discards them entirely.

Statistics Show . . .

"WHY IN THE WORLD did you ever write a policy on a man 98 years old?" asked the indignant insurance inspector.

"Well," explained the new agent, "I looked in the census report and found there were only a few people of that age who die each year."

—*Future*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sporting Life

AN OLD MAN confined to a wheel chair had dreamed for years of going on just one more hunting trip. So one day he persuaded his three young grandchildren, when their mother was in town, to get his gun and the dogs and wheel him into the woods. As they were pushing him along, a bear suddenly stuck his head out from behind a tree. The children screamed in fright and took off for home, leaving the oldster to his fate.

Panting into the yard, they saw their mother in the doorway. "Mother!" they shrieked. "Gran'pa's been eaten by a bear!"

"Stop screaming," she reassured them. "Your grandfather got home five minutes ago."

—R. D. MANN

ED WYNN, ready to depart on a deer hunt, caught sight of himself in a full-length mirror, gasped in horror, and exclaimed: "Thank heaven, *I'm* out of season!"

—E. M. MARSHALL

THE WORLD'S LARGEST fish has not yet been caught. But it has been temporarily at the end of many a fisherman's line.

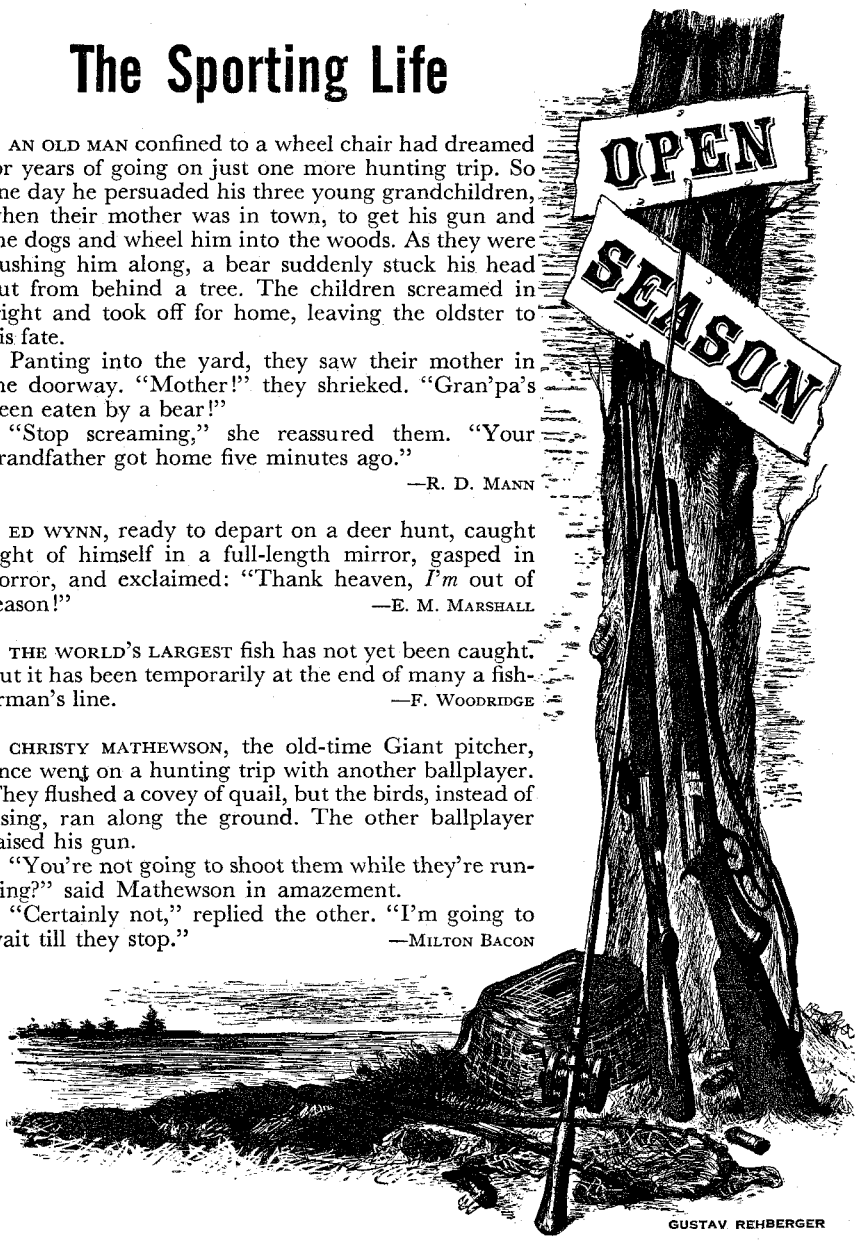
—F. WOODRIDGE

CHRISTY MATHEWSON, the old-time Giant pitcher, once went on a hunting trip with another ballplayer. They flushed a covey of quail, but the birds, instead of rising, ran along the ground. The other ballplayer raised his gun.

"You're not going to shoot them while they're running?" said Mathewson in amazement.

"Certainly not," replied the other. "I'm going to wait till they stop."

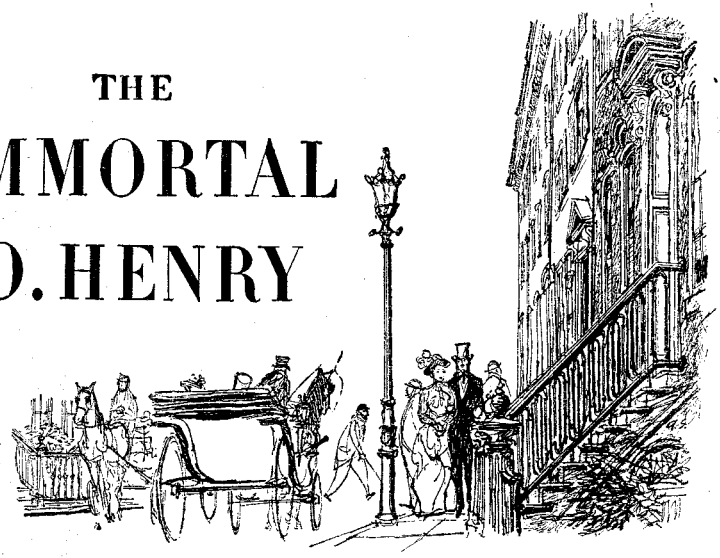
—MILTON BACON



GUSTAV REHBERGER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE IMMORTAL O. HENRY



by CAROL HUGHES

Tragedy marked the life of one of America's most compassionate storytellers

HE WROTE LIKE an angel, they said; and when he held a pen, he held magic in his hand. When he painted life in his pages, it had that quality of inner truth vouchsafed those who know in their own suffering how deep an abyss the human soul can reach, and yet how swift and high it can soar to triumph over adversity.

He was one who, for all the blitheness of his words, was never once to write out of peace of spirit. He had been marked by tragedy for her own; he was an ex-convict, an "embezzler," an ex-fugitive from justice.

Yet he possessed such winning warmth of heart, such deep compassion for the unheroic, the unheralded, the unknown, that both in life and in death he became one of America's most beloved figures.

Turn back the pages of the years. It is 1902, a time of hansom cabs and gaslit streets, and a stocky, chubby-faced man stands on the brownstone stoop at 55 Irving Place, in the heart of New York. He has just knocked on the door, and he waits.

Seeing him stand there, quiet, easy, you might let your glance flicker on him for a moment, and then pass on. There is nothing to indicate that this is a man who will become a legend in his own lifetime, and that this nondescript boarding house will be known in years to come only because it figured in that legend.

In time, the house at 55 Irving Place was to become a shrine, for it was here that William Sydney Porter—O. Henry as he was known

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

later to millions of readers—wrote the imperishable stories which made him the chronicler of the "Little People."

On this Autumn day in 1902, O. Henry was beginning a new chapter in his life. Only a few months earlier, he had been released from Ohio Penitentiary, where, serving a term for embezzlement, he had whiled away the hours by writing short stories.

Now, in New York, he had the promise of editors who had bought his early stories. They were prepared to pay him $100 each for all he would write. This was the beginning of his rehabilitation.

In the days that passed, O. Henry walked the streets of the city, absorbing its drama and its color, learning to know its people, their hopes and dreams. He had a gift for casual conversation, and a genius for quick friendships. Quietly, unobtrusively, he invaded every heart he met.

Each person somehow found his way into an O. Henry story. A passer-by's preoccupied grin, a waiter's gruff gratitude, a shop girl's forced courtesy—from such simple everyday things, O. Henry spun his wondrous tales.

"You know," he once told a friend, "they call the upper crust of this town 'The Four Hundred,' and us poor common devils are counted out. Now I never write stories of 'The Four Hundred'—all of them are about just folks, like you, me and the other four million of us."

As he strolled the city, O. Henry became in time a familiar sight to many of the four million, but few of them knew who he was. This was more than O. Henry's natural humility. He had a long heartbreaking past to blot out.

There were many failures to forget. The flight from justice and the prison term—these, too, had to be forgotten. And most of all he wanted to forget the sudden death of his young wife.

To achieve this, O. Henry locked his past within himself. Men who claimed to be his best friends never fully knew him and rarely knew each other. He granted only one interview, then checked it carefully to assure that his secrets remained his own. For weeks, he battled an editor who wanted his photograph for an advertising campaign. When he finally lost, he submitted an old picture that scarcely resembled him.

This was a startling about-face from the person he once had been. Years before, he had sought popularity. He job-hopped across the country in pursuit of success. He welcomed any sacrifice that might bring him fame. Only when he realized why he needed these things was he able to overcome the urge for them. And then they came.

"I had an unhappy childhood," he once confessed. His mother died three years after his birth in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1862. His father, a physician, dreamed of being an inventor. Busy with gadgets that never worked, he had little time for his son.

Home for young Will Porter then became a school operated by his tempestuous spinster aunt. From her, he gained a love of books he never lost. At ten, he was unusually well read.

Books had a deep effect on him. They made him aware of story plots and thus became his first steps to-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward his career. Still, they were not enough for a boy.

He wanted friends, he wanted love, and he found both easiest among strangers. They came into his life when, at 15, he went to work in his uncle's drugstore. His eagerness to please and his quiet wit easily won them over. He sang well and played the guitar, and so he was in frequent demand at parties and church socials. A competent cartoonist, he often did sketches of his new friends. Thus, in his campaign to win friendships, he simultaneously developed his talents.

But it was an expensive campaign. It threatened his health. At 19, he had symptoms of the consumption which had killed his mother. Worried friends invited him on a trip to Texas, where they hoped the climate would help. He was glad to go; here was a chance for a fresh start in virtually a new land. His health threat became secondary; the dreamful youngster envisaged himself at last en route to wealth and fame.

It was a dream he never fully realized. Years later, he became famous—but by that time he didn't want fame. And he was never rich. At his height, he often earned hundreds a week, but he was an easy spender, always in debt, almost foolishly generous.

Most of the people he met on his story hunts were poorer than he, and always he slipped them a few dollars. Panhandlers knew on sight that he would be an easy touch. In restaurants, women drifted to his table and sobbingly told their hard-luck stories. Furtively, he passed them money.

His kindness was genuine, yet this carelessness with money almost wrecked O. Henry's life. After two years on the Texas ranch, he moved to Austin. There, he was successively a drugstore clerk, bookkeeper, draftsman, and teller in the First National Bank.

He had great hopes for the bank job. By that time he had been married more than three years. And they were happy years.

HE HAD MET Athol Estes at a dance in Austin. She was young, pretty, fragile. She liked to sing and to laugh and to read. At first, her family disapproved of marriage plans and just as they began to weaken to O. Henry's charm, the youngsters eloped.

They were perfectly mated. Their marriage never quite escaped the delights of puppy love. And they considered their lives complete when their daughter Margaret was born. With Athol and Margaret and a good job in a bank, O. Henry thought he was set for life.

The First National was well known for its friendly disorder. Overdrafts were allowed without being recorded. Funds were transferred on verbal instructions. As a teller, O. Henry was responsible for many of these transactions, but most often he was not informed.

"How am I supposed to balance the books if I don't know what happens to the money?" he often demanded in vexation.

After four years of the confusion, he resigned. At last, he turned to a profession which until then had merely been his avocation—writing. Previously, he had written stories whenever he needed money. Then—as he always did with a new

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

job—he went overboard. He bought a newspaper.

Its success was brief. Unable to meet his bills, he closed shop, and moved to Houston to become a columnist on the *Post*.

Then came tragedy. On February 14, 1896, O. Henry was arrested on the charge of embezzling $4,702.94 from the First National Bank. No one ever learned whether or not he was actually guilty. He pleaded innocent, but he also admitted to a friend: "I made a mistake of $500 in paying out money."

But then he made a bigger mistake. Weeks later, en route to Austin to stand trial, he suddenly left his train and boarded another in the opposite direction. He became a fugitive from justice.

He went to New Orleans, and then to Honduras. He was never a man to alibi or explain; no one ever definitely learned why he fled. Certain it was that he had been brooding. His wife was ill, his finances dwindling. His humiliation when the news of his alleged crime broke had been terrible to see. Whatever the case, he ran away.

He had no intention of returning. In letters, he disclosed plans for finding a job and sending for his family. He might have kept those plans, had not Athol become desperately ill. Seven months after fleeing, O. Henry returned to Texas and surrendered to the court.

Athol died before the trial. Broken in spirit, O. Henry seemed no longer to care what happened. He declared his innocence, then became silent. He told his friends to remain out of court, and he was reluctant to cooperate with his lawyers. Whatever the facts, his refusal to defend himself made an acquittal impossible. He was convicted and sentenced to five years in the Ohio Penitentiary. The prison doctor said of him: "I never met a man who was so deeply humiliated by his prison experience."

IT WAS IN PRISON that O. Henry, as the world came to know him, was born. In the infirmary, he was frequently on night duty. During these long vigils, he began to write intently. And he wrote about the little people whom he was learning to understand.

His stories sold. *Ainslee's*, the big magazine of the era, snatched them at $100 each, a good price in those days. The editors, realizing that they had come upon a rare find, encouraged him to come to New York when he could. Released, finally, for good behavior after three years, O. Henry arrived in New York in the spring of 1902.

He fell in love with the place on sight. He called it Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway. And a Bagdad it was, with a thousand and one stories awaiting him at every street corner. By a long, devious and painful route, O. Henry had come home.

He became the chronicler of the little man. All day he walked among the insignificants, and his stories were about them. Pathos filled many of his stories, but rarely sadness. In fact, most of his tales were packed with chuckles. But himself, O. Henry kept aloof. He had moved to Irving Place. Occasionally, he enjoyed dinner with a few friends, but he shunned large gatherings. Once, he unexpectedly appeared at a Long Island picnic given by his publishers. Everyone was surprised

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to see him, but they were not surprised when he soon disappeared.

"What happened to you?" a friend asked.

"Oh, I just found an interesting road," he explained evasively.

"Yes," said the friend. "The railroad back to town."

After prison, he never had an intimate friend. Yet he was lonely—sometimes miserably so. "Please come and see me whenever you can," he told a friend. "I get pretty blue when I'm alone."

He was 45, a widower for ten years. He was often ill, and he worried about his teen-age daughter who lived with his wife's parents in Pittsburgh. Out of his concern for her and to escape his loneliness, he began corresponding with Sarah Coleman, an old North Carolina friend. In November, 1907, he left New York. When he returned, he was married.

He changed. First, he had moved from Irving Place, which he had grown to love. Suddenly ambitious again, he tried to reach beyond the short-story realm he mastered: he collaborated on a musical comedy that failed, and he spoke of doing a novel. With Sarah, he climbed to a higher social level and became part of the "Society" that he had once denounced.

Then, dissatisfied with New York, Sarah returned to Asheville. His writing production slacked off, and the tales generally lacked their old luster. Sometimes late at night, he strolled back to Irving Place. Occasionally, he encountered old companions and they tried in vain to recapture their past pleasures together. It was too late. The spell was gone.

Lonelier and dispirited, O. Henry's body weakened and he became an easy victim of disease. On June 2, 1910, he collapsed in his hotel room. Struggling to a telephone, he called an old friend.

"I'm sick—Will you come?"

Taken to a hospital, he lay there three days, shy, quiet, almost embarrassed. At dawn on June 5, he whispered to his doctor, "Turn up the lights. I don't want to go home in the dark."

He turned up the lights. O. Henry went home.

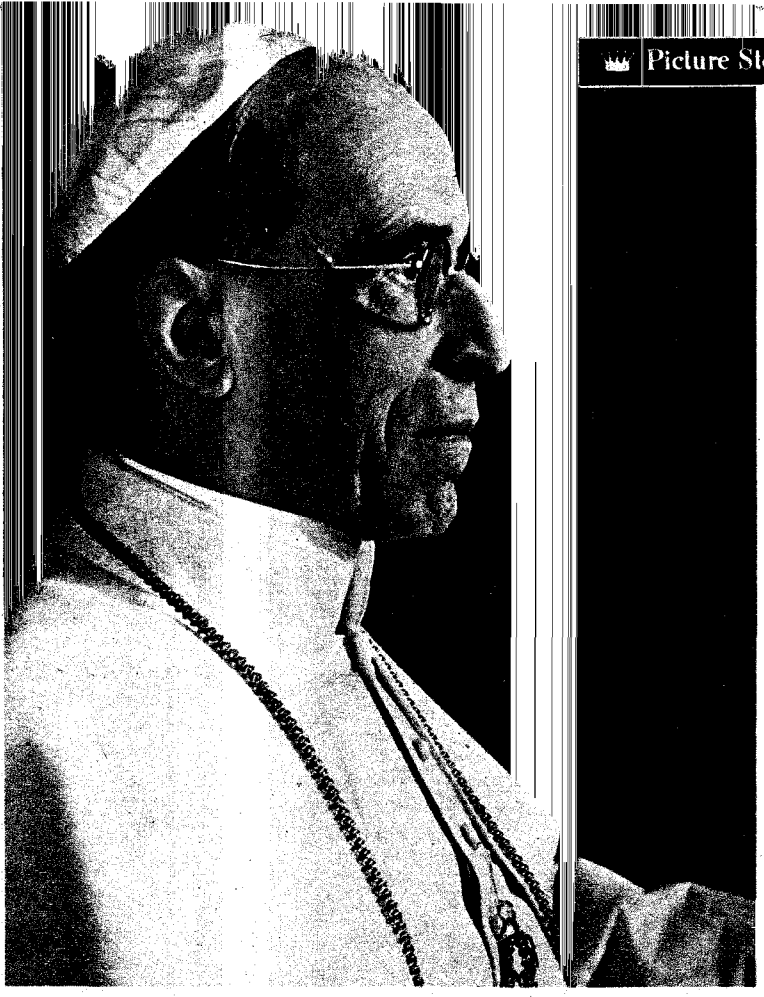
He left behind a treasured heritage—250 stories about the lonely little people he knew and understood. His continued popularity almost fifty years later proves that they knew and understood him, too.

Night Call

A DOCTOR HESITATED when a call for help came on a particularly inclement night, but his love for humanity was strong, and he went through a drenching rain to the distant home of a farmer. His services saved the life of a small child. Years later the doctor said: "I never dreamed that in saving the life of that farm child I was saving the life of the leader of England." That child was Lloyd George, onetime British prime minister.

—CHARLES L. WALLIS
(*Treasury of Sermon Illustrations*, Abingdon-Cokesbury)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE MANY LIVES OF POPE PIUS XII

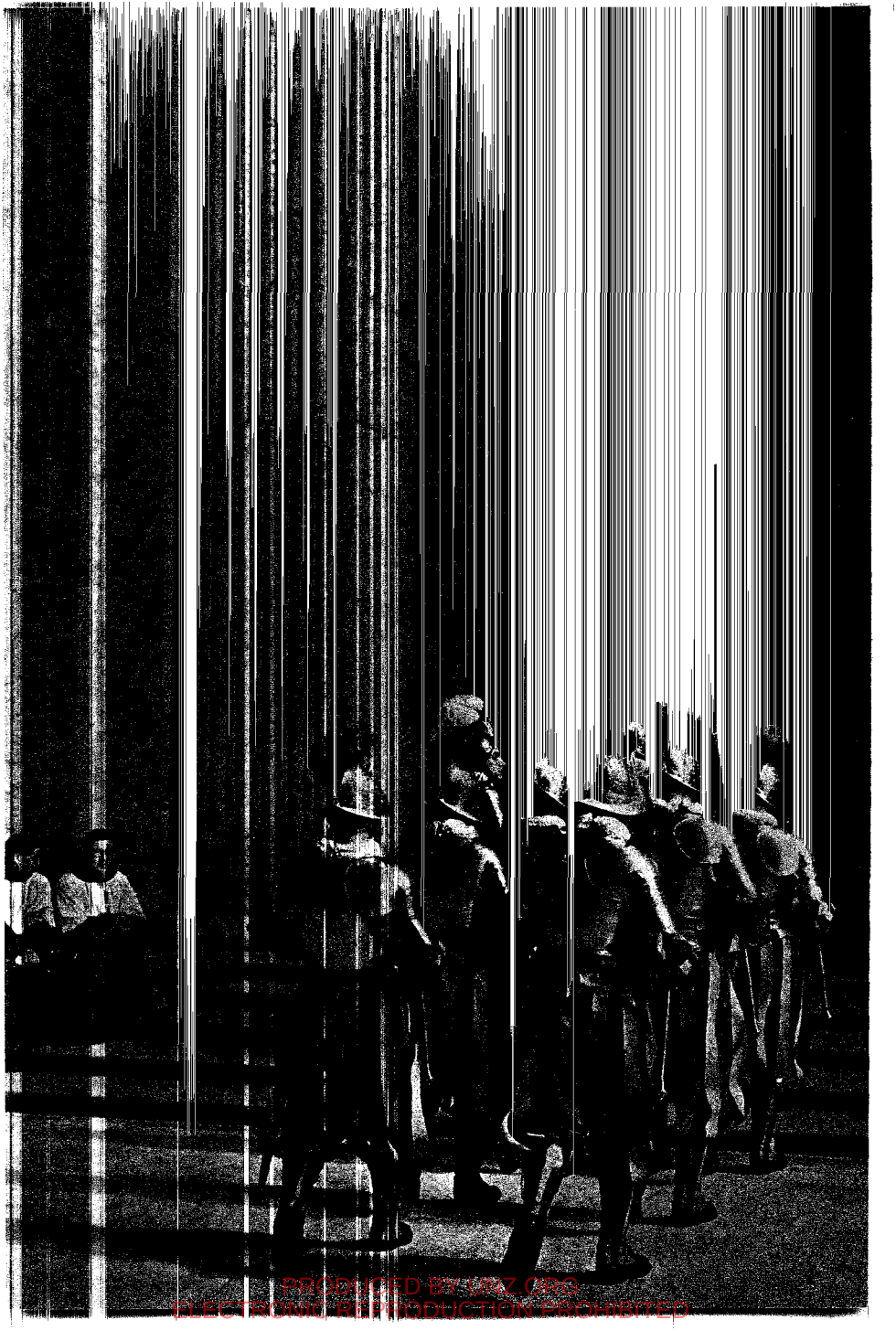
by ANNE FROMER

ONE OF THE MOST remarkable figures in the world today is a tall, thin, grandfatherly man who, in his 77th year, holds the most exacting and crucial job on earth. It is unique, unimaginably lonely; no other living man is in a position of comparable power, prestige, authority—and overwhelming responsibility.

Pope Pius XII is a churchman who symbolizes in himself religious aspirations as ancient as man; yet he is completely at home in an age

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONARD VON MATT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UMZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which has seen the splitting of the atom. Indeed, 20 centuries of tradition and a lifetime of experience such as few men have been vouchsafed, have gone to fashion the mind and spirit of Eugenio Pacelli.

The result is an extraordinary human being. Though revered as Vicar of Jesus Christ and Successor of St. Peter, as the supreme spiritual authority on earth for 420,000,000 Roman Catholics, he is at the same time an earthly figure so universal in his interests and so many-sided in his abilities as to make even his closest associates marvel.

The Pope is, of course, first and foremost a priest—a father to his flock. But he is also a chief executive, statesman, diplomat, scholar, astronomer, journalist, musician, teacher, linguist, orator. He is a man whose life has been dedicated to the other-world of the spirit; yet he is alert and wise in the practical world of political power. Unquestionably he is the one man on earth most feared by the Kremlin.

He plays multiple roles, and the demands they make upon him only he knows. Visitors to the Vatican like to tell the story of the small boy who was among a large group of pilgrims from Genoa received in audience by the Pope.

The lad, an Italian counterpart of the young American who brashly announces that some day he will become President, broke in on the Pontiff's solemn blessing by piping: "Holy Father, when I grow up, I'm going to be Pope!"

The other pilgrims, and particularly the boy's parents, were horrified at his temerity. But the Pope paused, turned toward the boy and smiled: "Ah, my son, you do not know what you wish for yourself."

There is no question that Pius XII was speaking from the heart. His greatest personal ambition has always been to be no more than a friendly, helpful parish priest. He loves people, and those who have been received in private audience have felt the warmth of his personality, the deep solicitude with which he listened to their problems.

To most of the world the Pope is a spiritual eminence, an impersonal figure behind a façade of impenetrable dignity, tradition and pomp. Consequently, very few know him as he is—a human personality, a man with a gentle sense of humor, humble in the vast responsibility that has come to him, possessing for all his urbanity the little idiosyncrasies and habits which make him like all other men.

Pius XII is tall, thin, slow of movement, penetrating of eye. The skin of his spare face is taut over his cheekbones, the dark eyes are deep-set, the nose high-bridged and aquiline, the lips firm. Standing one inch under six feet, the Pope weighs but 145 pounds; he is almost ascetic in appearance.

His apparent frailty, however, is misleading. He has surprising strength. This was attested by an American girl who, in genuflecting before him, found herself unable to rise because she had become entangled in the voluminous folds of the black gown which is traditional for women received in audience. "Give me your hands," the Pope said to her, and when she did so, she found herself pulled to her feet by a strong steady grip.

As might be expected, the Pope's private life is highly limited, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what there is of it he contrives to fit into the little corners of his incredibly exacting existence. By long tradition, for example, the Pope has his meals alone. No human guests sit at his marble table.

But Papal meals nevertheless are noisy affairs, due to the presence of Gretal, a lively goldfinch, and a pair of canaries. These privileged pets are the only living creatures permitted to break Palace protocol. They perch on the Pope's head and shoulders, try to snatch crumbs from his plate, and keep up an animated chatter.

The story of the goldfinch is characteristic. The Pope was walking in the Vatican gardens when he found the bird, a helpless fledgling, under a tree. She had fallen from her nest. Gently he picked her up and carried her to his apartment. And there, while he kept three Princes of the Church waiting in his audience chamber, he summoned an attendant and tenderly delivered the bird to his care.

Every morning, a few minutes after a small Swiss alarm clock awakens the Pope, the buzz of his electric shaver brings Gretal flying from her open cage into the Papal bathroom. She perches on his hand, swings happily from his fingers, and sings loudly in a determined attempt to follow the humming cadences of the razor.

The Pope's day is long. Night workers in Rome whose way home takes them past the Vatican cross themselves reverently at the sight of the lone-lighted window which marks the Pope's third-floor study in the vast, ancient edifice. The light often burns until 2:30 A.M. And many an early work-bound Roman has felt the day especially blessed because at dawn he glimpsed the Pope, arms crossed at his breast, saying his prayers at a window after a scant four hours of sleep.

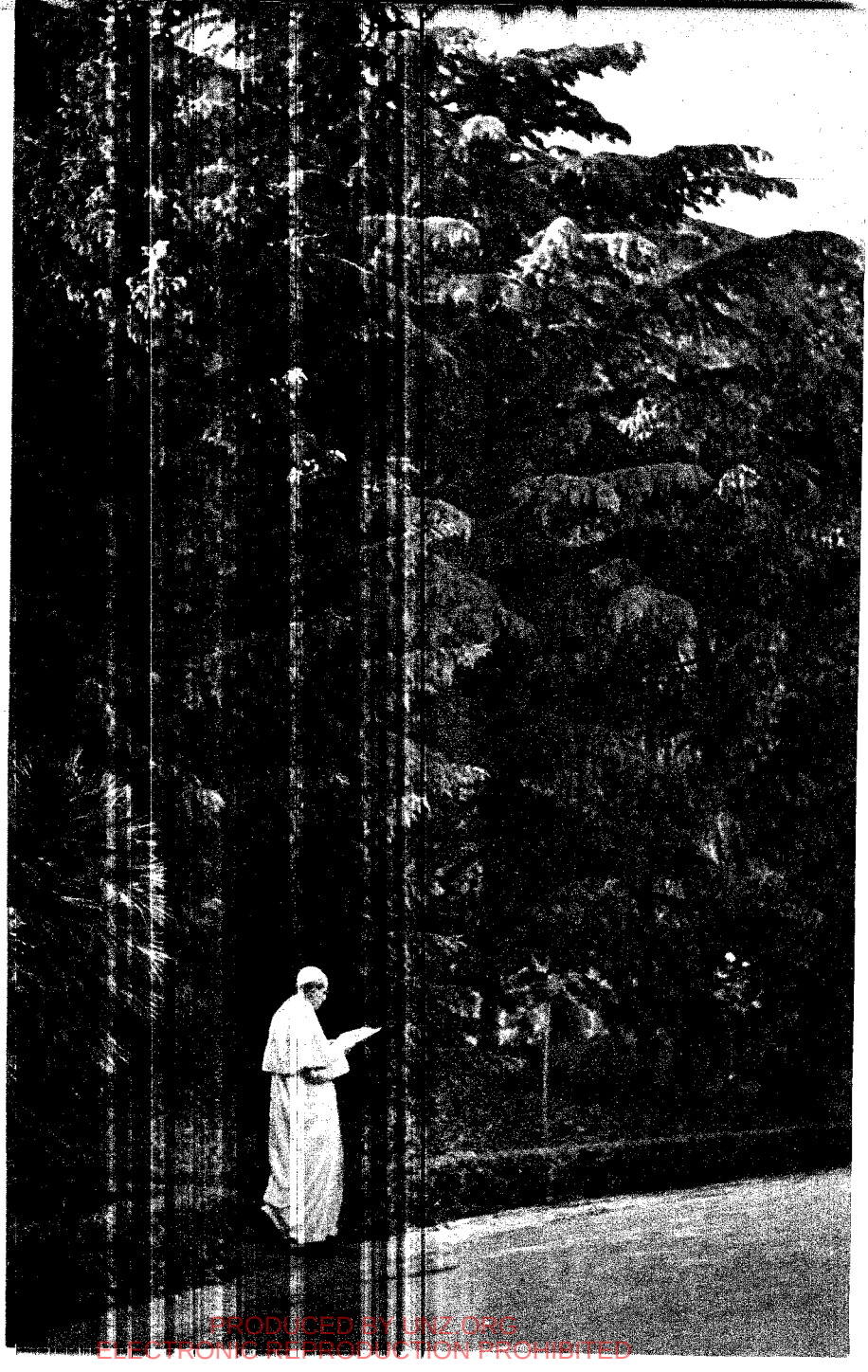
The Pope's first duty of the day is the same as that of the humblest priest. He says Mass. The "congregation" in the small chapel attached to the Papal apartment consists of Giovanni Stefanoli, his longtime personal servant, and three elderly Swiss nuns who are his housekeepers. Immediately afterward, the Pope assumes his role as supreme spiritual head of the world's Catholics.

The practical business of the spiritual government of 420,000,000 would alone require all the energies of an able but lesser man than Pope Pius. It entails receiving reports each day from scores of church officials, ranging from cardinals to bishops of dioceses in remote corners of the earth. Moreover, these reports are no mere formal statements; the Pope insists on being given a detailed account of activities. Instantly he is ready with decisions, wise counsel and encouragement.

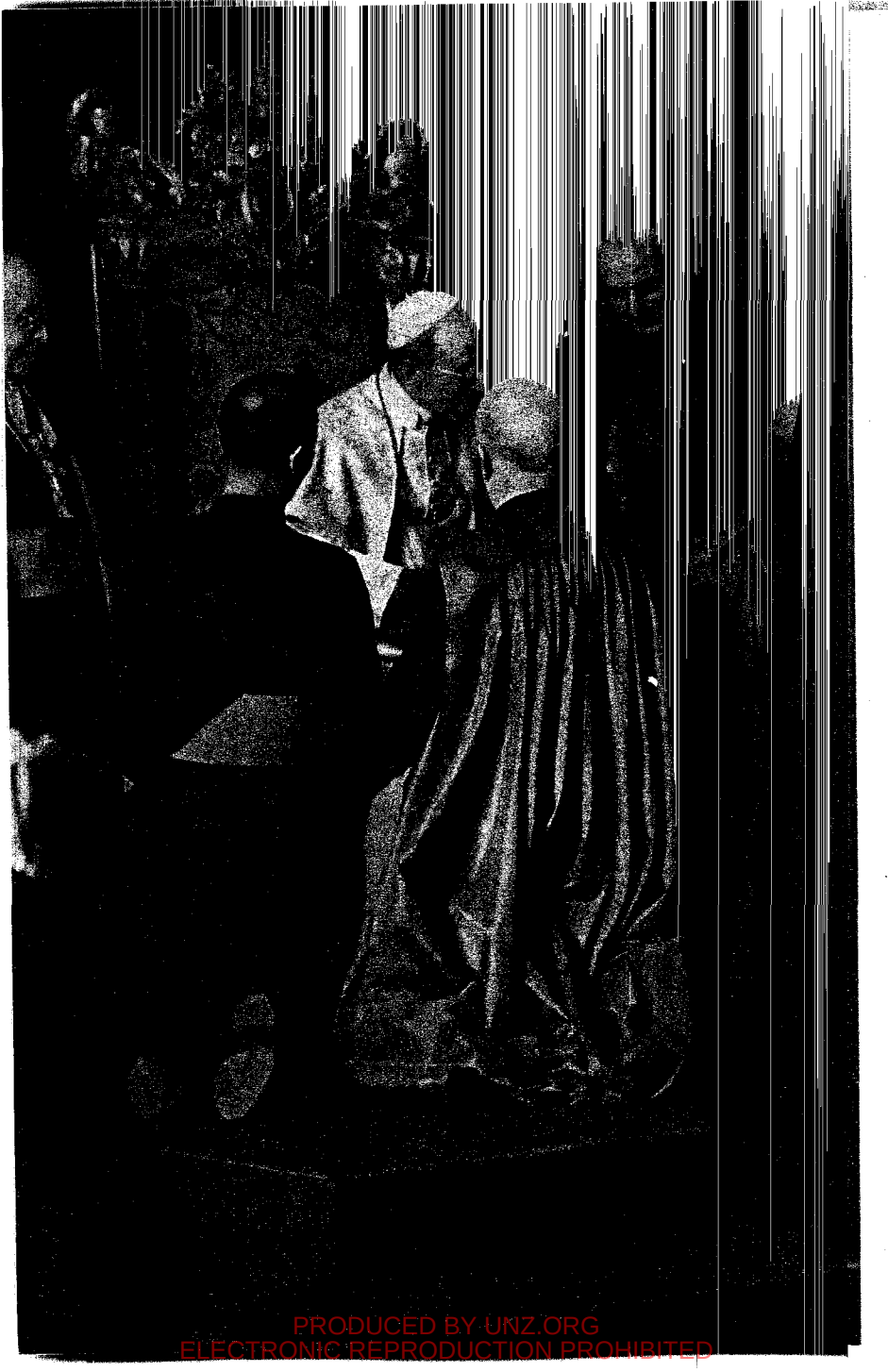
Although the Pope enters into deep discussion with churchmen of many nationalities every day, no interpreter is ever present. The explanation is that Pius XII is one of the world's great linguists. Words are his hobby . . . and no more valuable one could be imagined for a world leader. The dictionaries of a dozen languages are, in fact, his favorite "light reading."

A few months ago, hundreds of pilgrims from many nations gathered before the balcony of Castel Gandolfo, the Papal summer resi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dence 13 miles southeast of Rome. The Pope greeted them first in Italian. Then a group cried: "We are from France, Holy Father!" The Pope spoke in French.

The theme was taken up by the crowd until it became almost a jovial contest. In turn the Pope gave greetings in German, Spanish, Hungarian, Polish, Dutch, Portuguese and English.

Finally a small group called out: "We are from Ireland!" The crowd laughed, but the Pope smilingly held up his hands!

"*Ceád Mile Failte!*" he intoned in Gaelic—"a hundred thousand welcomes. . . ."

The Pope speaks excellent English and, as with all languages, he is continually seeking the best word to express any meaning. For example, since he encountered "tempest," he has appropriated it as his favorite word for storm or turmoil.

His French is so perfect that recently the Académie Francaise conferred on him a gold medal in recognition of his mastery of the language. The Pope was pleased at the honor. "At any rate," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "if I ever lost my job, this award would always enable me to earn a living by teaching French."

The Pope writes in his native Italian. He writes everything first in a small, neat hand, corrects his manuscripts, and finally transcribes them himself on a white portable typewriter at a rapid, and accurate, two-fingered clip.

Last year, Pius XII made 20 broadcasts and 51 other pronouncements dealing, in addition to purely religious matters, with scientific, social and economic subjects. He also spoke on sports, banking, the theater, statistics, rural problems, emigration, credit and journalism. His competence to discuss so many aspects of life stems from the fact that he is one of the best-informed men in the world today. His sources of information fall into four main categories.

First, his daily interviews with prelates from all parts of the world. Second, Pius, who functions as his own Secretary of State, receives regular reports of diplomatic intelligence from the 46 embassies and ministries accredited to the Vatican. Third, Pius is a voracious reader. Daily he peruses, and marks to be clipped for reference, five newspapers, including the New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*.

But he does not rely wholly even on these three comprehensive sources of information. He has at his disposal the knowledge of the world's top-ranking scientists and sociologists, Catholic and non-Catholic, who consider themselves honored by membership in the unique Pontifical Academy of Sciences. Membership in this group, which meets regularly in Rome, includes such men as Sir Alexander Fleming, the Presbyterian discoverer of penicillin, and Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan, the atomic scientist, of the California Institute of Technology.

The man who thus acquires and uses what is possibly the world's greatest accumulation of living knowledge nevertheless remains deep in his heart a simple priest. In fact, not until the eve of being raised to the eminence of a cardinal, did he finally abandon hope of being allowed to become a curé.

In 1929, already an archbishop,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he returned to Rome after negotiating difficult concordats with Bavaria and Russia which safeguarded the rights and privileges of the Catholic Church in those states. At that time, he asked Pope Pius XI, his predecessor, for permission to return to his post in Berlin.

"I have other plans for you," replied the Pope. A few days later he announced that Archbishop Pacelli was to be a cardinal.

Pius neither sought nor expected his election as Pope. Apart from personal modesty, he knew that no Vatican Secretary of State had been elected Pope since 1669. The night before the election, he told a visitor that there was no possibility of his being named. "Also," he said, "I understand that the ex-Secretary of State is given just three days to vacate his apartment before the new appointee moves in, so my bags are packed."

Today, despite the almost unearthly eminence of the Papacy, Pius has stepped down from his throne, with great simplicity, into the role of pastor to the people. On one occasion during a large audience, an old peasant woman approached the Pope and spoke in a low voice. While all eyes turned in wonder, Pius led the woman into a quiet corner and there heard her confession.

At another public audience, the Pope heard a man cry out, "My son—will I ever see my son again?" The Pope talked with the man. His son had been lost in the war. "Forgive me, Holy Father," he said, "but I have lost faith in the everlasting life. . . ."

The Pope took the man into his private study and for more than an hour brought Vatican affairs to a halt while he expounded in simple, earnest words the doctrine of faith.

The first bombing of the Rome area in World War II struck the district of San Lorenzo. Although the Pope, by tradition, almost never leaves the Vatican, Pius immediately summoned the President of the Pontifical Office of Assistance and told him: "Bring all the money you can lay hands on. We are going to San Lorenzo."

The shocked, wounded, half-buried villagers of San Lorenzo presently beheld an extraordinary, an incredible, sight. Down the ruined street came a tall, white-robed figure, pain and pity on his face, sheaves of lira in his hands.

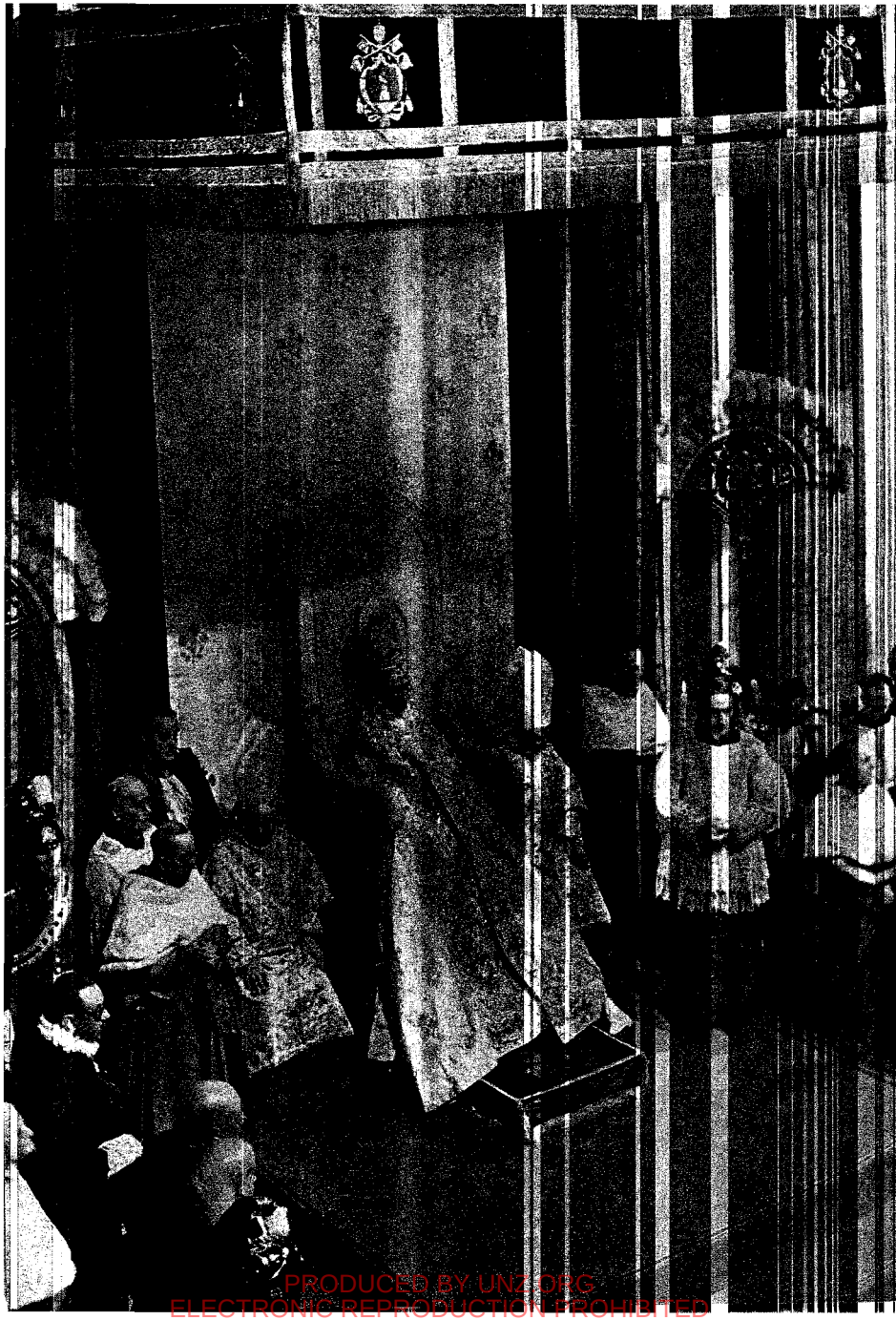
Today in rebuilt San Lorenzo the bombing is forgotten; but the occasion when Pius himself became the village's parish priest and brought help in its extremity remains an ever-present memory.

In addition to being the head of the oldest spiritual dynasty on earth, Pius XII is heir to all the temporal problems accumulated through the centuries by a militant religious faith. But not since the first Popes led the struggle for survival of the small band who adhered to the new religion has a Pope been faced, as Pius is faced today, with such a tremendous task as that of mobilizing Christian civilization against Communism.

Pius has had personal experience with Communism—experience which included an encounter which endangered his life. In April, 1919, when as Archbishop Pacelli he was Papal Nuncio to Bavaria, Communists seized power in Munich and set up a Soviet republic. Archbishop

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pacelli's residence was attacked, and a volley was fired through the window of his office.

A few days later, the Archbishop calmly opened the front door to face new attackers. The Red leader put his pistol against the future Pope's breast and ordered him to leave. The two men faced each other. Finally Pacelli said slowly: "Here I am. Here I will remain. And there is no power on earth which can move me!"

A tense moment followed. Under Pacelli's unflinching gaze, the Communist leader lowered his gun and turned away.

Pius does not regard himself as the Papal pioneer in the struggle against Communism. He can list from memory all the anti-Communist pronouncements of his predecessors since 1846.

The Pope's memory is, indeed, a source of constant wonder to his colleagues. An incident which illustrates not only this gift, but also his quiet sense of humor, occurred when, as Archbishop Pacelli, he paid a farewell visit to the Marquis d'Ormesson at the French legation before moving to a new post in Berlin. Five-year-old Henri d'Ormesson added a decidedly informal note to the leave-taking by addressing the Archbishop in terms of childishly affectionate familiarity: "*Adieu, mon vieux.*"

The boy's parents were mortified at hearing their son utter the French equivalent of "Good-by, old man," but the prelate was amused rather than annoyed.

Not long ago the Pope honored this same boy, now grown to manhood, and his bride with a special audience of blessing after their wedding. As the couple left the Pope's study, Pius called out his farewell: "*Adieu, mon vieux.*"

Another foible of the Pope is sometimes to telephone a member of the Vatican staff and launch into conversation without his customary preliminary announcement, "*Aqui Pacelli*"—"Pacelli here."

On one occasion an elderly Monsignor in the office of the Vatican Secretariat answered the telephone and a voice asked him for some ecclesiastical facts and figures. Cautiously, the priest asked who was speaking. The caller ignored the question and added further items to the request.

"If you do not tell me who is speaking, I shall be forced to hang up," said the priest. Again the information was requested, and again the demand for identification was ignored. Finally the priest hung up with emphasis. Almost immediately the phone rang again and the voice said blandly:

"*Aqui Pacelli* . . . to continue our conversation which was unfortunately cut off a minute ago. . . ."

The white telephone in the Pope's study, number 101 of the Vatican's exchange, seldom rings, since few people are privileged to call the Pope. One of these few is his sister, the ailing Marchioness Isabell Pacelli Rossignani, with whom he has a daily conversation.

The Pope's personal life is lived almost wholly during a few brief hours in the late afternoon. In this period the visitors to the Papal study are the men who come closest to being personal friends. Among these are his personal physician, Dr. Galeazzi-Lisi. Since Dr. Galeazzi-Lisi leans toward homeopathy, Pius' in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frequent minor ills are treated by "like cures like" measures.

The Pope's food is prepared by Mother Paschalina and two assistants in a kitchen which would be considered rather old-fashioned by American standards. Mother Paschalina, an elderly Swiss nun who has served Pius for more than 30 years, is affectionately referred to by the Pope as his "health superintendent." By the devoted nun's own account, this is a difficult undertaking. She constantly tries, tactfully but firmly, to persuade the Pope to eat more.

His typical day begins with a breakfast of bread and a little coffee with milk. He stopped eating butter during World War II and has not resumed the practice. Lunch consists of soup—rice soup is his favorite—fish or eggs, vegetables and fruit. His last meal is a light supper of bread, eggs, cheese and cocoa. He drinks daily a small glass of white wine, Vino dei Castelli Romani, except on very cold days, when the wine is red.

Pius' spartan diet was well known to his associates long before he became Pope. Once, when a cardinal, he invited a colleague to stay to dinner with him. The latter replied with a smile: "With your permission, Your Eminence, I will return to my own apartment for dinner—I am hungry!"

Pius is remarkably healthy for his 76 years, despite—or perhaps because of—the simplicity of his personal life. He occupies what is undoubtedly the least luxurious quarters of any ruler, a plainly furnished six-room apartment. His bedroom, for example, contains only an iron bed, a crucifix, a table and chair. The other rooms comprise a chapel, study, dining room, sitting room and library. Yet this simple apartment is contained in one of the oldest, largest and most magnificent palaces in the world.

Into this palace which houses 2,000 years of Christian history, Pius has introduced a measure of mechanical efficiency in keeping with the 20th century. This originates partly in his interest in things mechanical, and partly in the need of one of the world's busiest men to get things done. He is the first Pope to do his own typing. His electric shaver is one of his most cherished possessions, since it saves time in the Pope's always crowded working day.

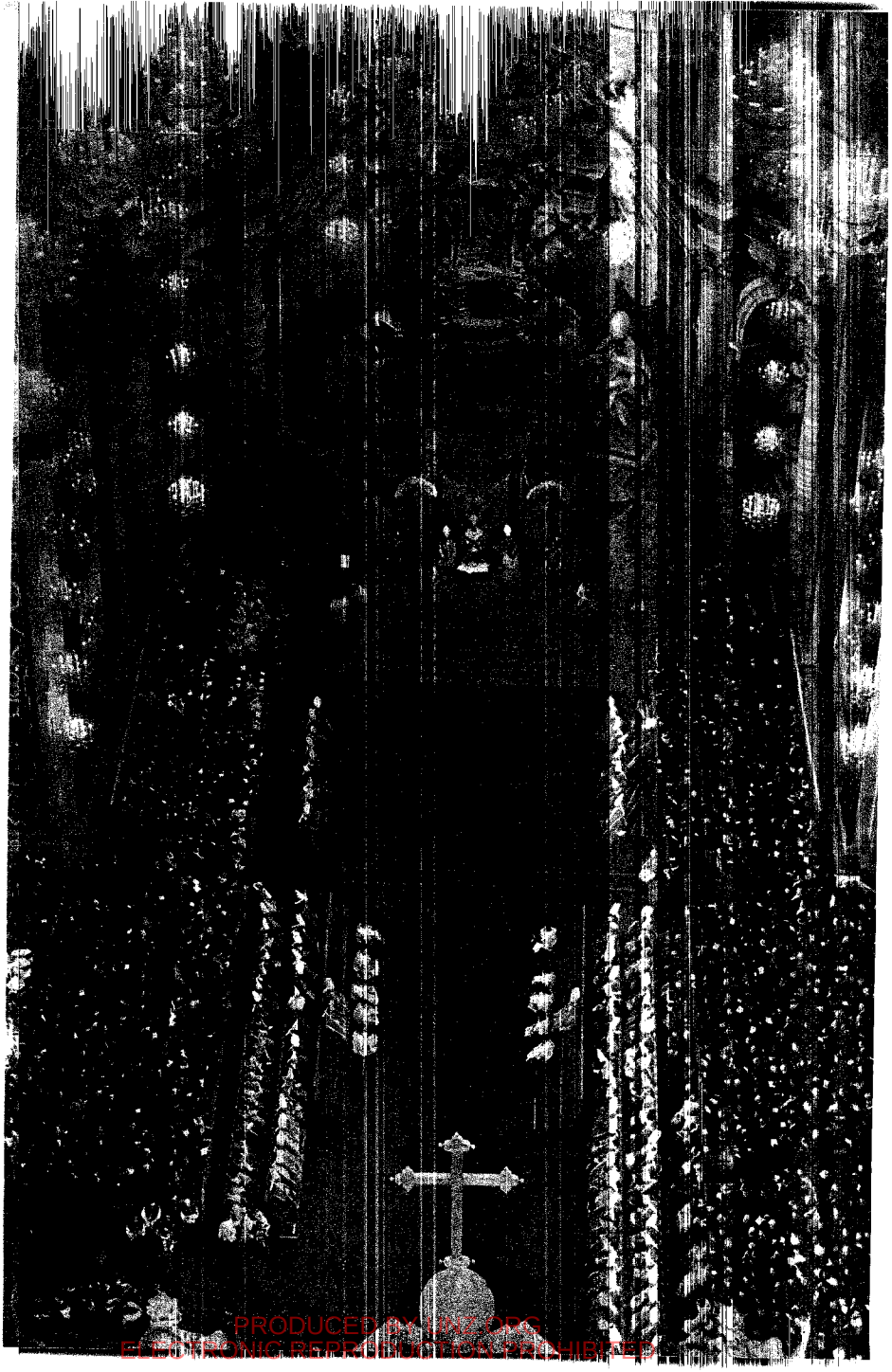
When Pius reached the fateful decision that he must stop using the leisurely daily services of Luigi Evangelisti, his barber, the latter protested that such a machine could not give His Holiness a clean shave.

"Ah, you are wrong," answered the Pope. "See . . ." He plugged in his razor and made a few swift passes with it, then held his jaw out for Luigi's expert appraisal.

"*Si*," admitted the barber sadly, "it is so."

Nowadays, the Pope's traveling consists largely of a brief ride to the Vatican Gardens in a Cadillac, the gift of American Catholics, and bearing the license SCV (the State of the Vatican City) No. 1. On his way to the gardens, after receiving the obeisance of the Vatican guards on duty, the Pope introduces an informal note by regularly exchanging a bow and wave of the hand with Senora Bonatti, the 87-year-old mother-in-law of Dr. Luciano Casmirri, an editor of the Vatican

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano*, and one of the oldest residents of Vatican City.

At the gardens, Pius leaves the car for a brisk stroll. But even then he carries state papers to study, so that his daily walk becomes part of his working day.

The Pope is essentially a man of letters, with great affection for the learned professions. His first desire, as a student, was to become a lawyer, despite the fact that the Pacelli family had long been associated with the Vatican. His father, Filippo, was a Vatican lawyer, Dean of the Consistorial Advocates. His grandfather, Marcantonio Pacelli, founded *L'Osservatore Romano* 91 years ago.

It was while a student on vacation that Eugenio decided to enter the priesthood. Despite his late start, he graduated from Rome's Capranica College and the Pontifical Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics with such high honors that Pope Leo XIII personally extended his congratulations.

That extraordinary compliment alone probably marked the end of any hope Eugenio had of becoming a parish priest. Soon he was invited by the Pope to become an attaché in the Vatican's Department of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. A journey which was to lead directly to the Papacy had begun at the age of twenty-five.

The course of that journey was also to take Eugenio Pacelli halfway around the world as the Pope's special diplomatic representative on missions to Germany, England, France, Spain, Hungary and the Argentine. But, by his own account, the most memorable event of his life, prior to his election as Pope, was his visit to the United States in 1936, the first Papal Secretary of State ever to visit this country as personal emissary of Pope Pius XI.

Typically, the American plans for the distinguished visitor called for a whirlwind tour, including days with as many as ten separate functions in rapid succession in New York and Washington, and a seven-day, 8,000-mile trip by air which took the Cardinal to South Bend, Chicago, Los Angeles (which he later recalled as "Paradise"), San Francisco, St. Paul and Cincinnati.

When his plane became lost in fog over Lansing, Michigan, and flew off course into Canada until the pilot regained his bearings, Cardinal Pacelli kept on unconcernedly typing a speech he was to deliver. When all-day flights interfered with his daily walk, he nevertheless took his constitutional—stepping out briskly back and forth along the length of the Boeing transport's corridor.

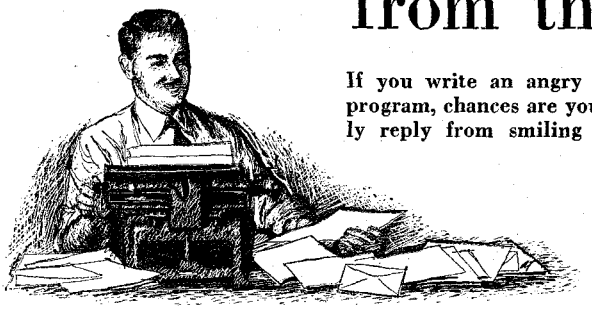
Three short years after his eventful tour of America, Cardinal Pacelli became Pope. Today, in giving spiritual leadership to the cause of peace, Pius regards the might he saw in the United States as one of the greatest forces for freedom, a conviction he puts into these words:

"I have seen the sources of America's inexhaustible strength, the industrial centers, and the limitless natural wealth, the development of which are eloquent of the genius of America, a country great in the high destiny God has assigned to it. And I pray to Almighty God that the influence of the United States may always be exerted for the promotion of peace among all peoples."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

7,000,000 Letters from the Air



If you write an angry note to a quiz program, chances are you'll get a friendly reply from smiling Mr. O'Donnell

by WARREN DONAHUE

AMONG THE PEOPLE who, in one way or another, may be said to have their fingers on the pulse of America, probably no man gets more of the off-beat rhythms than one Barney O'Donnell, a burly ex-lumberjack who has fashioned a successful, well-paying career out of a pile of letters.

O'Donnell is the founder of Radioland Mail Service, a unique organization which answers the voluminous mail of such radio and television network shows as Stop the Music, Bride and Groom, Twenty Questions, Juvenile Jury and Life Begins at Eighty.

Last year, his sixth as epistolary front man for the radio and television industries, he responded to more than 7,000,000 letters from the curious, angry or merely bemused listeners of six continents. It is remarkable that in the face of this mammoth correspondence, he has lost neither his sanity nor his sense of humor.

During an ordinary week, he can count on the temperaments of his listeners to provide him with both extensive vilification as a robber, provocateur or simple-minded ignoramus, and effusive praise for his prompt and courteous service. He can also look forward to bribes totaling thousands of dollars, offered in the hopes of getting information about jackpots, and being involved in arguments on such unlikely topics as whether the devil's horns are animal, vegetable or mineral.

The most consistently exasperated of O'Donnell's correspondents are those who write to Stop the Music, a show broadcast on both radio and television. Each time Bert Parks, the ringmaster, reveals the title of a new mystery tune, the program is sure to draw two or three hundred indignant letters which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"prove conclusively" that the true title is not, to take an actual case, "When the Bridegroom Comes" but "The Ten Virgins," "Who Will Be the Driver," "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain" and 16 other fanciful appellations.

If you should happen to write such a letter, the answer you get back will go like this: "I saw Bert Parks the other day—Bert's pretty busy these days—and I thought I'd take it on myself to answer your interesting letter." The signature will reveal that Bert's little helper is a man named Barney O'Donnell. The themes of the old folk songs which are used on the program have sometimes been heard in as many as 15 or 20 versions at different times and in different sections of the country. Barney will go over the history of the tune in question and point out that, "the *exact* tune played on the program was 'When the Bridegroom Comes.' "

If this letter fails to satisfy you, it will at least convince you that, as one man puts it, "The sponsor is a gentleman, if no scholar." You will probably send your next, somewhat more temperate, letter to your new acquaintance, Barney O'Donnell. Barney will consult with Bert Parks, or more probably Harry Salter, musical director of the show, and keep on writing until you are satisfied.

As a practitioner of the "soft-answer-turneth-away-wrath" method, the chunky and smiling O'Donnell has few peers. As a lecturer for several publishing concerns, he toured the U. S. for ten years. Filed away in a prodigious memory are notes on almost every town, village and hamlet in the country. As a result, an angry letter writer from, say, Broken Bow, Oklahoma, is likely to get back some reminiscences of O'Donnell's visit there ten years ago. It's a hard-hearted citizen who doesn't feel better after that.

A situation requiring all of O'Donnell's charm was created by Bill Slater, M. C. of the Twenty Questions show, when he declared that Casey Jones, "the brave engineer" famed in song and story, was a mythical character. Thousands of listeners leaped to the defense of their hero.

After an amount of research which for a time probably made him the greatest living authority on Casey Jones, O'Donnell concluded that, while the well-known ballad was written about a *fictitious* character, there was a real Casey whose life paralleled the folk hero's to a remarkable degree.

BARNEY'S background is as diversified as a crazy-quilt, and it is a rare topic on which he can't dredge up some personal side light. He has two university degrees; and at various times in his career, he has been a lumberjack, lecturer, stenographer and newspaperman.

In 1945, as part of his sales promotion for a publishing concern, he was keeping tabs on a radio show to which the concern gave prizes. When mail began to come in, the concern finally hired a Phi Beta Kappa girl to do the answering. In her first week, the young lady answered four hundred out of several thousand received. To Barney, who had developed a horror of unanswered questions, each one seemed like a personal accusation.

When the load on his conscience became intolerable, he offered to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

take on the job himself. The radio station and the publishing concern, happy to be relieved of what they regarded as simply an annoying by-product of their regular work, told him to go ahead.

He hired a couple of girls, set up procedures, and held on to his regular job. He soon discovered, however, that what he had taken on was not a part-time job but a life's work. He quit his regular job, organized his brain child as Radioland Mail Service, and went spreading the gospel of answering letters.

Today, he has an expandable staff of between 40 and 175 people, two offices, and a job which is a never-failing source of delight as well as money. He frequently gets up at 5 A.M. to dash off a few extra letters, and his favorite form of relaxation is to follow up with home study the intriguing bits of information he gets in his mail.

Not long ago, the M.C. of the Twenty Questions show declared that Martin Luther was not known as a composer. Actually, as several thousand listeners were quick to point out, Luther composed nearly 40 hymns, some of which are still sung in churches all over the world. When the controversy was over, O'Donnell bought a couple of books on the life of Martin Luther and a number of erudite texts on ecclesiastical music.

"Little by little," he says, "and with the help of several million people, I'm becoming an educated man."

The uninhibited delight which O'Donnell takes in his work quickly communicates itself to his correspondents. Under the influence of his genial pen, they soon become fast friends and think nothing of asking for special favors. If they are making a trip to New York, they write asking for train information, hotel reservations, tickets to shows or anything that comes to mind.

If his talent for friendship sometimes brings unexpected burdens, it also brings him rewards. The gifts he receives are, like his mail, a cross section of the country. He gets apples from Oregon, oranges from California, grapefruit from Florida, and tickets to the Calgary Stampede from Canada. In addition, he has received pottery, ties, socks and, on one occasion, a hand-tooled Mexican saddle.

IF O'DONNELL ever feels his nimble pen inadequate to the task, it is in answering the troubled queries of youngsters who write to Juvenile Jury. The youngsters are deeply concerned with life and its problems. An example from O'Donnell's mailbag is this ethical conundrum:

"I took two dollars from my mother's pocketbook. I bought my sister a present for her birthday. Now my mother wants to know what happened to the two dollars. If I tell her, she'll take the present away from my sister. What should I do?"

To answer such questions, O'Donnell takes precious hours from his crowded schedule. And he has received scores of letters from grateful parents, thanking him for his common-sense advice to youngsters. When he gets such a letter, as he did in the case of the boy with the purloined two dollars, he is more than ever convinced that he has found a highly satisfying job.

At the opposite end of the scale from the wide-eyed innocence of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the youngsters who write to Juvenile Jury is the worldly sophistication of some people who write to Stop the Music. The prizes in money and gifts which are given away on the program have attracted a fair share of sharpsters. They write in offering five, ten, twenty thousand dollars if O'Donnell will just tip them off to the mystery tune and see that they are called.

In replying to such people, O'Donnell never intimates that there is anything unusual about their proposal. He carefully, and always politely, explains the complicated mechanics by which the lucky telephone numbers are chosen, assures them that everything is on the up-and-up, and wishes them luck.

Some people, hot in the pursuit of easy money, mistake O'Donnell's amiability for a come-on. They write back, increasing their offer, and making all manner of proposals for a secret pay-off.

"I find myself answering a person like that denying everything," he says, "and all the while, I have an eerie feeling that maybe, just by chance, he'll be called. It gives me the shudders."

Despite its challenging nature—or perhaps because of it—the letters from the younger set are among O'Donnell's favorite reading matter.

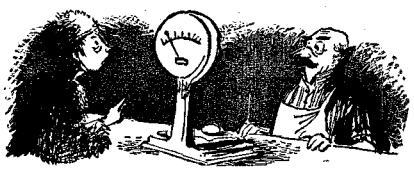
The most intriguing, and, at the same time, the most unanswerable, question ever put to him came on a penny post card in a broad, scrawling, childish hand. "My problem," it reads, "is that I am five years old."

"The youngster must be all of seven now," says O'Donnell, his eyes twinkling, "and I'm no closer to a solution than I was when I got it."

If O'Donnell had to give one bit of advice that would take the place of all the books on how to write letters, he would boil it down to this: "Just write the way you feel. Say what you want to say—just the way it comes to your mind."

Then he grins at this advice. "It's been my experience," he says ruefully, "that that's what people are going to do anyway."

World-wide Challenge

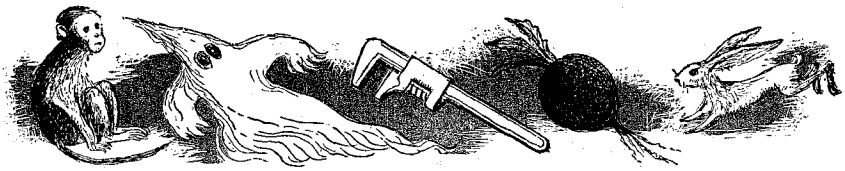


IN MOSCOW DURING World-War II, a member of the U.S. Embassy staff was in a Russian store waiting in line to buy some food. Just in front of her was a man who asked for four ounces of butter. The clerk cut a piece from a large slab and placed it on the scale. The needle pointed exactly to the four-ounce mark. The man looked at the clerk very pleased, and said in Russian, "Oh, that is just like American accuracy!" He meant that the clerk weighed the piece perfectly.

To him the word "American" stood for precision and excellence. If that impression of us is true in Russia, it is even more true in other countries in which I have traveled and worked. They expect us to be the best. —W. AVERELL HARRIMAN
(American Legion Magazine)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remember Your 3 R's



THE PROBLEMS that Patsy Campbell faces every day as star of "The Second Mrs. Burton" (CBS-Radio, Monday through Friday, 2 P.M., EST) include her child's struggles with Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic. Patsy challenges you to defend your rating as a homework helper by tackling a different kind of three "R's"—the three different spellings of the sound "R"—"r," "wr," and "rh." Each of the definitions below refers to a word whose spelling begins with one of the three forms. Get 30 right and you go to the head of the class; 20 right and you just pass. (Answers on page 97.)

1. George Gershwin composed one that was "blue." .....
2. A shorter word for caviar. ---
3. This French city is famous for its beautiful cathedral. -----(-)
4. An apparition, often a leading character in ghost stories. .....
5. When a vocalist has this, he can't "ask for anything more." .....
6. This horizontal beam supports the roof over your head. .....
7. This armor-skinned, horned fellow lives in Africa. .....
8. You probably hang one of these in your window at Christmas. .....
9. If you like turnips, perhaps you like this yellow kind. .....
10. This monkey plays an important role in medical research. .....
11. Few of us use this long word, meaning boasting or bragging. .....
12. Mickey Mouse is a famous member of this animal group. .....
13. Plumbers and handy husbands find frequent use for this. .....
14. A colossal statue once stood on this island in the Aegean Sea. .....
15. Don't stub your toe on this, the vertical face of a stair step. .....
16. This dance comes from Cuba. .....
17. On a rock in this river the Lorelei sang her enticing song. .....
18. These girls are the British equivalent of the American WAVES. .....
19. This grappling groaner is frequently seen on television. .....
20. Every numismatist has at least one of these silver Indian coins. .....
21. "June-Moon" is one, but Longfellow did much better. .....
22. This is a round building, usually with a dome, like the Capitol. .....
23. You will hear much of this flowery oratory at election time. .....
24. This is a name that cowboys have for the man who tends horses. .....
25. This important iron and coal center is in Western Europe. ....
26. These are hard-riding tribesmen of the Sahara Desert. .....
27. This florid, intricate architecture has long been out of style. .....
28. This gambling game is popular at Monte Carlo. .....
29. Some people turn and twist like this when they are tickled. .....
30. This substance provides friction when rubbed on violin bows. .....
31. This popular shrub is the state flower of West Virginia. .....
32. This is one of Verdi's most popular operas. .....
33. Scarlett O'Hara was hopelessly in love with this Butler. .....
34. Rarely do we succumb to this deeply resentful, indignant anger. .....
35. This is an old-time lively jumping dance for two. .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dinah Shore Story

by GRADY JOHNSON

How a sweet little girl from Tennessee sang herself into fame and fortune

DINAH SHORE WAS unhappy. For the moment, that day late in 1942, she forgot her first success the year before with Xavier Cugat's orchestra, her first phonograph recording hit, "Yes, My Darling Daughter," and her forthcoming film debut in Eddie Cantor's "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

Striving, early in her career, to make a solid name for herself on Cantor's radio show, she felt she needed all the recognition she could get—and someone had deprived her of it. She had come home from an exhausting entertainment tour of Army camps to find that another singer, by mistake, had been given public credit for her efforts.

Sensing how she felt, Cantor took her aside. "Dinah," he said, "with a voice like yours, don't ever be jealous of anyone. Have you ever heard of a man hitting the tape first in a 440-yard race and looking back to see what the other runners are doing?"

The advice conflicted with some that her late father had subtly imparted four years earlier in Nashville, Tennessee. Reluctantly putting her on a train for New York, where she hoped to pursue a singing career, he had said: "Dinah, there are 10,000 people who can sing well. Are you as good as they?"

She never forgot what either man said. Her father's words made her realize, she says, that her love of singing was not enough, that she needed to improve. Once she had developed her voice and style, she needed Cantor's advice to stop her from pushing, to make her relax.

The net result today of this combination of talent, counsel and determination is perhaps the most popular female singer in America. Voted that honor by a recent Gallup poll, the former Fanny Rose Shore is too busy with five careers —radio, TV, films, phonograph recording and nightclub appearances —to take time to worry about the other 9,999 singers.

"I have found," she says, "that if you give everything you've got, honestly, for the pleasure of giving, everything else takes care of itself."

That philosophy has taken care of her—made her virtually an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American institution. Five nights a week she has her own air shows—Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Tide with Jack Smith over CBS-Radio; Tuesday and Thursday for Chevrolet over NBC-TV. Any other time, day or night, turn on any radio or juke box and there she is.

Her RCA Victor records sell around two million a year. She plays to capacity houses on the personal-appearance circuit, at New York's Waldorf Astoria and London's Palladium. And she seems launched, finally, on a successful film career, following her role in Paramount's "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick."

Singing only because she likes to sing, Dinah earns so much money—around $500,000 a year—that a friend recently criticized her for singing in the bathtub. "Listen to the wastrel," she said, as a medley of familiar Shore tunes came from the bathroom. "You could tape-record that, splashings and all, and sell it for twenty-five grand."

Dinah is not unaware of the fortune her mellow contralto voice has brought her. Shortly after she signed up for TV, she said to her husband, film actor George Montgomery: "Why do I do it? It takes so much time." Before he could answer, she added, "Because I love it and they're paying me to enjoy myself."

It always has been like that with her. Before she could talk plainly, she was a hit with customers of her father's little department store in Winchester, Tennessee, singing "Here I stand with two little chips, who will kiss my pretty lips?" for all who would lift her onto a counter and stand around to listen.

"When she was eight," her sister Bessie recalls, "she'd beg to come into the parlor and play her ukulele and sing for my boy friends. It was a mistake to let her. She never knew when to quit."

At ten, she was singing for her mother's Ladies Aid Group in Nashville, where the family moved when she was six. At 14, she "borrowed" a mustard-colored dress from Bessie's closet to masquerade as a grownup so she could sing for an orchestra leader, who had offered her $10 to appear at a nightclub-gambling house.

Hearing of her plans, her parents secretly reserved ringside seats. As she finished her song, "Under A Blanket of Blue," Mr. and Mrs. Shore walked onto the floor and bustled her out the door. They pointed out that the crowds were there not to hear her sing but to gamble. To this day, she will not perform in any spot where gambling is permitted.

"It is her honest warmth which has won her such lasting popularity," says Henri René, who does her arranging for RCA Victor. "For example, once she had a cold and couldn't hit a high note on radio. She stopped, said 'Excuse me, folks,' then went right on singing. Dinah, hitting a clinker and calling attention to it instead of trying to cover it up, endeared herself to everyone."

This disarming friendliness is her stock in trade. She likes people, calls them all "hon." Her friendliness comes through in her singing, along with a clean kind of sex appeal. Together they have captured audiences of both sexes and of all ages. They have not "typed" her exclusively as a blues singer or ro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mantic balladist—even though she is famous for such successes as "Blues in the Night." She has made hit records in all song departments, including rhythm numbers and novelties like "Sweet Violets," "Buttons and Bows" and "Baby, It's Cold Outside."

As for her sex appeal, film producer William Perlberg flatly states: "She has Jane Russell and Dagmar backed off the boards!" If this surprises Shore fans heretofore disappointed by her celluloid likeness, Dinah explains:

"For years I was afraid of pictures. The camera made me hollow-cheeked and unattractive. People who had liked me on radio couldn't associate the voice with what they saw. Films were threatening my hard-won radio following. It got so I was turning down picture roles for that reason."

For "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick," veteran cinematographer Charles Lang and make-up men vowed to atone—in Technicolor—for the wrongs the camera had done in the past. Five feet four and one-half inches tall and weighing 120 pounds, she is—let's face it—stacked with firm round curves. Her legs are shapely—both of them, although she herself imagines one is undersized from a childhood case of polio which left her with an early limp to overcome.

Experimenting with various make-ups and lighting, Lang hit upon a combination which saved facial planes formerly rubbed out by film lighting, made her look like Dinah Shore in the flesh, with visual sex appeal to match that in her voice. The technique, carried over to TV, brought her immediate popularity in that medium. Critics suddenly discovered she is beautiful, and praised the naturalness which made it seem she had stepped unobtrusively into delighted viewers' living rooms.

Much of her beauty is in her boundless energy and good health. "Work is her relaxation, it agrees with her," says her husband. "It's nothing for her to get up at 6 A.M. and spend a couple of hours taking care of our four-year-old daughter, Melissa, before charging off for a 12-hour day of fittings, acting and rehearsing."

BESIDES managing the Montgomerys' six-acre estate at Encino, California, and a winter place at Palm Springs, where she plays tennis, Dinah also directs her own small music publishing company and, "in her spare time," paints. Although she never had a lesson in her life, she daubs colorful roses, birds and flowers on old-fashioned clocks which Montgomery sells at his early-American furniture factory in San Fernando Valley.

She also is an expert amateur photographer. Recently a young photographer, shooting her at her home, knocked over his camera and broke it. To avoid delay, Dinah took him to her hobby room and asked if he could use anything she had. "Anything" included a Rolleiflex, Speed Graphic, an 8x10 view camera, a Leica and nearly every piece of equipment Eastman Kodak ever made.

Dinah was born in Winchester, Tennessee. When she was two and one half years old she nearly died of a strange fever, which left her right leg semi-paralyzed. Her father took

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her to New York for treatment, where it was diagnosed that she had had poliomyelitis.

Years before Sister Elizabeth Kenny brought her treatment to this country, Dinah's doctor had prescribed the massaging of her leg muscles and showed Shore how to do it. For six years, he and her mother, both now dead, manipulated the leg until nearly all the limp had vanished.

When Dinah was ten she began swimming nearly every day at Nashville's Cascade Plunge and playing tennis to strengthen the leg. Never was she without her ukulele. She played and sang for the lifeguards precocious renditions of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," and "My Canary Has Circles Under Its Eyes."

While attending Hume-Fogg High School, Dinah tried singing in the First Presbyterian Church choir and studying voice at the Nashville Conservatory of Music. "But I had sung solo lead so long that I couldn't hear harmony, let alone sing it," she recalls. "I got out of the choir before they threw me out."

At the same time, she was yelling herself hoarse as cheer leader at football games. "My piping soprano became contralto, and there didn't seem to be any future for me as a singer of serious music. I lost interest in my voice about the same time the teachers did."

She switched to dramatics, appearing in school presentations of "Little Women" and "Outward Bound." Then, singing in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta revived her vocal ambitions. When she was a sophomore at Vanderbilt University, she called on Beasley Smith, musical director of WSM, and got a singing job on a show called "Rhythm and Romance."

"Beasley said I had an unusual style of phrasing," Dinah says. "I wasn't sure what he meant by that."

She was known as Fanny Rose Shore, but her signature song on WSM was "Dinah."

"When classmates started calling me Dinah, I welcomed it," she says, and years later adopted it as her legal name.

Attending a sorority convention in New York in 1937, she laid siege to radio stations, orchestra leaders and record companies, seeking an audition. Benny Goodman listened but thought she lacked the glamour to front for a band. She had auditioned for him wearing a sloppy sweater, skirt and saddle shoes. This hurt as much as Jimmy Dorsey's snub in Nashville the year before when a promised audition failed to materialize.

"I figured that if they wanted glamour, I'd give it to them," she says. "The New Dinah started moving in fast company. I went to a cocktail party. I don't drink or smoke—never have—but they kept handing me Manhattans. I'd set them down here and there.

"A fellow said, 'You're not drinking.' When he turned his head I threw the contents of my glass over my shoulder toward a window. It wasn't open. The stuff splashed back, all over my dress. I ran."

Finally she got a spot singing on radio station WNEW. She wrote home that she wanted to stay, but her father persuaded her to return and finish her bachelor of arts course, which she had started with a view to becoming a teacher. Grad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uating, she went right back to New York with her father's advice about those 10,000 singers ringing in her ears. She resumed singing, this time without pay, on WNEW, and later appeared on a sponsored boy-and-girl show with another ambitious young singer, Frank Sinatra.

In 1938, CBS sent her to a young pianist named Ticker Freeman for an audition. "First time I heard her, I thought she was pretty good for blues and ballads," Freeman recalled recently. Although he recommended Dinah, CBS turned her down. She managed to get a two-week engagement at the Strand Theater. Xavier Cugat heard her and hired her for a recording date.

She made her first recordings with him and became a "fill-in" singer on NBC's "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street." Before long Cantor hired her. After three years with him she had her own half-hour show over CBS in 1944. And her popularity has grown ever since.

Freeman, who became her personal accompanist almost from the day he auditioned her and is on her personal payroll, says he often has tried to analyze what it is that keeps her on top, year after year. "Any singer is apt to have a hit record some time," he says, "but she has several every year. I guess it's versatility."

Freeman thinks her remarkable memory is another strong career asset. "On an entertainment tour in France during the war, we met 26 Army officers at dinner. When she left the table 45 minutes later, she said good-by to each by name and rank."

Whatever Dinah has aspired to—a job, a high note or a husband—she has gone after. "I first saw George in a movie at Atlantic City, in between one of the nine shows a day I was doing with Milton Berle on the Steel Pier," she relates. "Looking at him on the screen, I decided a man like that was for me. A few years later in Hollywood I saw him with a blonde and I hated the girl on sight. One night when I was entertaining at the Hollywood Canteen, I heard he was there. I asked to be introduced to the handsome brute."

Montgomery, a corporal, asked her for a date. She gave it to him and a week later saw him off for Alaska. Their romance blossomed via microfilmed V-mail. Thirteen months later, when he came home on furlough, they were married.

They honeymooned on the Montgomery family ranch in Montana, consisting of 20,000 acres, several hundred head of cattle and George's 14 brothers and sisters. While they were there, the cook was taken sick and Dinah started her marriage cooking breakfast pork chops for a dozen ranch hands besides the family. "By the time the dishes were washed, they came in for lunch, and when these were dried and stacked they were back for dinner," she recalls.

She is an excellent cook. Sunday, the maid's day off, she often spends in the kitchen preparing Southern dishes—like turnip greens and cornbread, black-eyed peas, pecan pie, hominy grits ("which the world ought to have for breakfast instead of fried potatoes") and hush puppies. Hush puppies, she explains for the uninitiated, are corn cakes garnished with onions and fried in deep fat, usually in the leavings from a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fish fry. They got their name from the Southern hunters' custom of throwing bread scraps to their hungry, howling dogs and saying, "Hush, puppy."

DINAH HAS A SENSE of humor, loves to clown at work. She chews gum while rehearsing and often as not goes on the air with it in her mouth. Once, during a duet, she took it out and deliberately stuck it behind Jack Smith's ear.

On the serious side, she personally answers important fan mail. Most of these are letters asking advice on marriage and careers. To ambitious popular singers she advises developing style above all else. To married women bitten by the theatrical bug, she discourses on happy home life.

In every mail come several songs from ambitious songwriters, amateur and professional. Unlike many fellow artists who are afraid even to look at an unsolicited song or script for fear of plagiarism suits, Dinah has Freeman play for her anything that looks good.

"She wants to discover some obscure songwriter," says her former secretary, Myra Cohn. "She received some lyrics not long ago which she planned to publish in her own company, but a similar song came out ahead of it and she had to postpone it."

Being an educated, accomplished woman, Dinah is an opposing combination of Southern lady and smart businesswoman. Her breeding softens her aggressiveness, while her aggressiveness and intelligence prevent people from taking advantage of a soft creature who could be mistaken for a clinging vine.

"Punkin Crick," a musical film version of an old melodrama long popular in towns throughout the country, would not have been made, producer Perlberg avers, if Dinah hadn't been available for the part of a small-town widow opposite Robert Merrill and Alan Young. "There just wasn't anybody else in Hollywood," he says, "who could sing, look sexy, sweet, sincere and mature, all at the same time."

Up to her lovely neck in five careers, Dinah says her most important undertaking is her marriage. She arranges her out-of-town appearances whenever possible so that George and Melissa can go along. The little girl is the apple of her eye—"even if she does like Bob Hope better on TV."

She vows she wants four more children, but no one takes her seriously. As sister Bessie puts it, "When would she have the time?"

Remember Your 3 R's (Answers to quiz on page 91)

1. rhapsody; 2. roe; 3. Rouen, Rheims; 4. wraith; 5. rhythm; 6. ridgepole; 7. rhinoceros; 8. wreath; 9. rutabaga; 10. rhesus; 11. rodomontade; 12. rodents; 13. wrench; 14. Rhodes; 15. riser; 16. rumba; 17. Rhine; 18. Wrens; 19. wrestler; 20. rupée; 21. rhyme; 22. rotunda; 23. rhetoric; 24. wrangler; 25. Ruhr; 26. Riffs; 27. rococo; 28. roulette; 29. wriggle; 30. rosin; 31. rhododendron; 32. Rigoletto; 33. Rhett; 34. wrath; 35. rigadoon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPAIGN

ALLEN FUNT'S TV show, "Candid Camera," tested the theory that many citizens don't know the difference between political talk and double talk.

Funt's assistant, Dick Christman, asked a passer-by: "Look what Dewey did. The veterans were coming back to their old jobs. And as they go through the quasvet and they see the press trill coming through, and the loss to the free people of the state. But not to the fraysted and the zetsner of playgrounds. What's the reason for that?"

"Politics, I suppose," the citizen said. "They all play it to a certain degree." —PAUL DENIS

A FARMER, asked whom he preferred for the Presidency, shook his head and volunteered, "Don't like any of 'em. I'm for Dewey."

"But Dewey isn't in the running," his questioner protested.

"Makes no difference—I'm for Dewey."

"But why?"

"I voted for Dewey in 1948 and I voted for him in 1944. After all, I've never had it so good." —*Tide*

A BUILDING CONTRACTOR, who had suddenly struck it rich, contributed $25,000 to a political party. The stunned local boss asked what little favor he expected in return. "For me, nothing," beamed the contractor, "but my wife and kids would like me to be a Congressman." Steps were taken, and off he went to Congress.

A couple of years later, his contribution to the campaign fund was upped to $100,000 and it developed that his family wanted him to be a Senator. So he was elected a Senator.

Two years later, just before a Presidential campaign, a contribution came in from the Senator for $250,000. A delegation called to thank him and the chairman inquired apprehensively, "You are again thinking of something for your wife and children?" —BENNETT CERF

TODAY'S POLITICAL PARTY is a group that either points with pride or views with alarm. —EVAN ESAR

FOR ONCE I'D LIKE to see a candidate for public office get up and admit he'd like people to vote for him because he needs the job.

—ARTHUR GODFREY

A POLITICAL CANDIDATE sought out a mountain farmer and earnestly solicited his support. But the best he could get from the old man was a promise to consider his appeal. "I think, though," warned the mountaineer, "that I'm gonna vote for the other fellow."

To the candidate's surprise, however, on election day the farmer appeared and promised him his vote.

"Thank you very much," said the politician. "But would you mind telling me what made you decide to vote for me?"

"Well, sir," replied the mountaineer, "I got to thinkin' about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAPERS

you standin' by my pigpen and scratchin' the old sow on the back till she laid down with the pure pleasure of it. And I said to myself when a fellow's that sociable, I can't be the man to vote against him!"

—ANDREW MEREDITH

COMMENTING ON A PARADE of New York's municipal workers, Will Rogers remarked: "And did you notice that the street sweepers followed right behind the politicians?"

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

IT WOULD SEEM more people vote on leading brands of cigarettes than do for a President. —*Kreolite News*

IN A CERTAIN BACKWARD community where shoes are mostly for Sunday wear, a candidate employed an ingenious electioneering technique: to each voter who turned a sympathetic ear to his campaign promises he gave a single shoe, explaining, "You promise to vote for me, but I'm not so certain you'll do it. So I'm giving you one shoe only. If I'm elected I'll come back and give you the other one!"

He was elected by a landslide.

—PHILIP MUIR

WE DON'T SEE any harm in letting children believe in Santa Claus. But more of them ought to be told the facts before they reach voting age.

—*Changing Times*

A WOMAN WITH A newly developed interest in government wrote to the editor of a big newspaper: "I want to get into politics. Do the taxpayers have a party?"

The editor answered her letter, writing: "Very seldom, lady, very seldom." —*Phoenix Flame*

WHEN A POLITICIAN starts shedding tears, it's certain someone's water rate goes up. —RONALD COLMAN

THE CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF, unlearned in social graces, walked on clumsy tiptoes into the ladies' club meeting to which he had been invited for personal inspection and interrogation.

No sooner had he gained the sanctuary of a chair than a prim, sharp-eyed little old lady asked with a disarming smile, "Mr. Candidate, do you partake of intoxicating beverages?"

The guest fumbled his hat a moment in hesitation and then smiled expansively.

"Thank you, Ma'am," he beamed, "it'll be pleasurable to join you women-folk in a little sip."

—*Wall Street Journal*

A PARADOX FREQUENTLY noted in a general election year is the stump speaker usually getting himself out on a limb. —OLIN MILLER

DURING A SPIRITED campaign, one of the candidates was spouting off.

"Who is he?" asked a listener.

"I don't know," replied another, "but he sure is recommending himself for the job."

—FRANCIS LEE GOLDEN *Laughter is Legal* (Frederick Fell)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anyone Can Be Brave!

by ZELDA POPKIN

Courage stems from the human impulse to "do the right thing"

FOUR OF US were playing Casino on the floor of an Army cargo plane midway between Scotland and Iceland at 6 o'clock on a January evening when the pilot came into the cabin. He opened a vent in the plexiglass porthole and listened carefully to a faltering motor. He closed the vent.

"One motor's out. And I don't like the sound of this one," he said. Then quietly he added: "I have two kids in New York. I intend to see them again."

We were a dozen in that cold, uncomfortable plane, civilians as well as soldiers, women and men, of assorted ages and backgrounds. In that hectic first winter after World War II, going home, one took with gratitude any transport available.

The pilot's words were not a speech to the passengers, merely low-voiced remarks to those who happened to be nearest. We could pass them along later, if we chose.

"We're turning back," he said. "Scotland's half an hour nearer than Iceland. We'll do our best."

The flight clerk broke up our Casino game. "Too many of you in one spot. Scatter your weight," he said. "And I'd appreciate it if you didn't smoke."

A middle-aged civilian who had gone abroad on a government mission distributed precious copies of week-old New York newspapers he had managed to buy in London. But the light was poor; we couldn't read. For a while we chatted casually, about the state of the world, about places where we had been. We found conversation difficult because the plane, laboring to keep altitude, swooped and bounced violently, breaking our sentences off and bringing the sudden, inevitable clutch of terror.

It was silly to pretend to be unconcerned, and easier to wait, in the calm of personal peace, for whatever might be ahead. Most of us stretched on the floor under O. D. quilts and tried to sleep. At midnight, we landed safely on the long runway at Prestwick.

For six hours we had lived with imminent death, yet we had not mentioned it. We had been desperately afraid, yet none of us had shown his fear. It had happened

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that way because a calm, steady-nerved man at the controls had let us know that he expected to see his children again, and we had believed what he said.

His wish and need to live were no less and no greater than ours. We were confident because he was confident. We had been brave because he was brave.

This leadership which builds courage in others may come from anywhere, out of any person whose reflexes function in crisis, whose eyes and brain and voice remain steady and clear. The wife of an American diplomat who had been a Japanese prisoner of war told me with deep amazement:

"The person who organized the routine of our lives in our concentration camp was an Embassy clerk, one of those mousy little men whom no one had ever noticed before. He seemed to know exactly what should be done to keep up our strength and morale. He kept his head when we were frightened and confused. His voice took on authority. We were glad to follow him."

A fool may scream "Fire!" in a crowded theater and start a stampede which costs lives, but this is the sensational exception rather than the rule. More frequently someone arises, cool and firm, saying: "Walk, don't run!" And people obey because while they wish to save their own skins, just as much do they desire to behave admirably.

At one of our large Eastern prisons, a group of actors had come from New York to give a Christmas show. The auditorium was packed. On its benches sat murderers, rapists and men convicted of brutal assaults. A blizzard was howling outside. In the middle of the show, the storm snapped the prison's power line, plunging the auditorium into darkness.

An ominous stir ran through the hall. On the stage everyone held his breath. Through the darkness came the warden's voice, his usual speaking voice: "This reminds me of the story of the—" He was telling a joke. He stepped to the platform's edge. For an hour he told one story after another. The room rocked with laughter. Then the lights were restored and the show went on.

Leadership had come in that perilous moment from a man geared to be brave. Courage belongs to the role of the prison warden as much as it does to the pilot in charge of a plane, or to the captain of a ship on stormy seas. All of these men are like soldiers, trained, oriented for danger, and with weapons, tools and skills in their hands. But the average person stands unprepared, unarmed and untried.

AT THE PRESENT, threat of war again hangs over the world. In the U. S., most of us know its horror only by hearsay, or through movies and books. What have been facts of life on much of the globe is still the unexperienced on the American continent. And in cities, towns and on farms, many a man or woman finds himself like the raw recruit in Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage*, trying mathematically to "prove to himself that he would not run from a battle," wondering how he would act, whether he would be brave or a coward if the test came.

The mathematical chances are that he would be brave, since anyone can be brave and most people

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are. Courage is part of the normal behavior of civilized man. Not brave, perhaps, in the sense of dramatic heroism, which raises the banner and leads the vanguard with shot and shell raining and bombs bursting overhead, but in the sense of doing as best he can all that is expected of him.

I have been certain of this ever since the wreck of the Congressional Limited near Philadelphia in 1943. This was a civilian experience not unlike a wartime air raid.

The train was traveling fast. A hot box burned through an axle, a wheel came off. The great train shook and swung like a toy in a giant's hand before a coach was sliced in half by a signal tower and eight cars toppled, rolled, crashed. In the moments which followed, there were no screams, no running to and fro, no hysteria. Shocked, stunned, the survivors crawled from the wreckage.

Then, within minutes, a miracle began to occur. The well, the slightly hurt, the living, were moved by a single common impulse: "What can I do to help those who are worse off than I am?"

In the hours which followed, I saw more kindness, courtesy, helpfulness, resourcefulness, self-forgetting courage than I have ever seen at one time in my life. This stemmed, I am certain, from only one source —the innate human impulse to "do the right thing."

Courage is not absence of fear. It is conquest of fear. Few men are fearless. But many are decent and brave. And they go on to acts which afterward seem heroic because they were the thing to do.

There is no better example of this than the millions of young men who fought in World War II. Often outnumbered, facing an enemy who claimed to have already won, they did the job that had to be done. Instances of almost unbelievable heroism, of one man and of groups of men, were reported daily from every front. And these deeds, along with the quiet courage of the nameless, wrote a new and glowing chapter in world history.

Yet they were the deeds of ordinary men—for when their uniforms were packed away and their citations hung on the wall, they were indistinguishable from other millions of their countrymen, except, perhaps, for the tiny emblem they wore in their lapels.

IN VIENNA, during the troubled winter of 1945, a girl drove me to a railroad station in a truck. She was a young and pretty American girl, a secretary for a relief agency, a tiny thing who wore a perky hat and high-heeled shoes in the rubble-strewn streets. The truck was the only vehicle available for that trip to the *Bahnhof*, the young secretary the only person around who knew how to drive.

We had far to go, through pitch-dark, broken streets. When we reached the station, I got out. I looked up at the driver's seat. "Aren't you afraid to drive back alone?" I asked.

"Of course," she answered. "But how else am I going to get home?"

Britain's royal family won an Empire's love and respect through all the World War II bombings and went on with their jobs. Their heroism, calm and steadfast, is now part of England's legend, and we shall

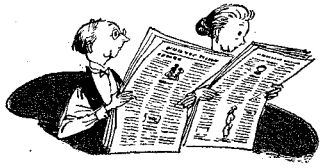
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hear of it more often perhaps than we shall hear of the conduct of their ordinary subjects.

One of these subjects, a literary agent, a middle-aged, rather commonplace man, said to me in London as the war ended: "This office was open every day. No matter how bad the bombing during the night, somehow in the morning we managed to get here and do our work." He spoke unemotionally, but his pride was plain to see, and easy to understand.

In Jerusalem, I talked with a housewife who had lived through that city's recent siege. "Each morning I had a decision to make," she told me. "I had to decide whether to go for the bread. I had to run through shell fire to get to the bread. And so I would ask myself: which does my child need most, a mother or bread? And always I went for the bread. I thought, if the bakers have courage enough to go to the bakeries and bake it, if the grocers have courage enough to run to the bakeries and bring the bread to their shops, am I weaker than they? Why should I not be brave enough to run and fetch bread for my family when they are hungry?"

Men and women like these are not the ones upon whom heroes' medals are pinned or for whom crowds cheer. They are merely the average, the anyones, who have anyone's bravery and who have exhibited it amidst the destruction of war and the personal crises which beset them. Yet through them we learn that courage is not a rare commodity, but something which we all possess, something we can call upon when we face the challenges and perils which are a normal part of everyday life.



Social Miscues

A CONNECTICUT PAPER reported—

Forty-tight members attended the luncheon prepared by Mrs. George Smith. —POWERS MOULTON

ACCORDING TO A Canadian press dispatch—

Mrs. Clara Jones said she had no desire to go on the stage or sin in night clubs. —YETTA KOZINETS

FROM AN OHIO paper—

The bride, who was given in marriage by her uncle, wore a deep lustre-light satin gown which was enhanced with a yoke of sheer marquisette trimmed with seed pearls and satin. Other features of the burial gown were its fitted bodice, long sleeves, and extremely full skirt. —E. H. SECREST

FROM A New Jersey paper—

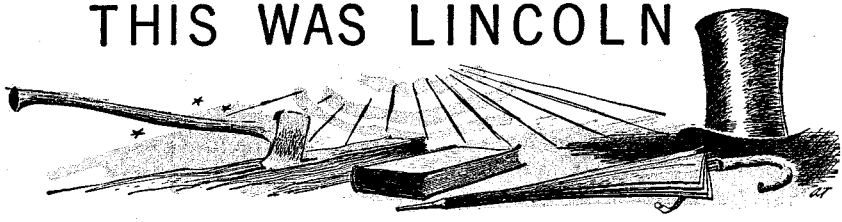
Mrs. Andrews has entirely recovered from her broken collarbone, but her knee is still in the hands of the doctor. —*Successful Farming*

A CANADIAN SOCIETY page item ended—

Masks must be worn, but dress is optional. —TIM TAYLOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS WAS LINCOLN



Stories illuminating the many-sided character of the Great Emancipator

AN EMINENT THEOLOGIAN called on the President to protest against the desecration of the Sabbath, when Union armies engaged in battle on the Lord's Day. Lincoln, as usual, listened respectfully. When the full argument had been stated, he glanced up with a smile and observed: "Do you know that this Administration is in entire accord with those sentiments?"

"I am more than gratified to hear it," answered the clergyman.

"Yes, indeed; and there is only one other influence that you need bring to bear in order to stop the pernicious practice of fighting battles on Sunday."

"What is that, Mr. President?"

"Why, just see the Confederate generals, and get them to let our soldiers alone!" —EMANUEL HERTZ

LORD LYONS, Queen Victoria's Ambassador to Washington and a confirmed bachelor, requested an audience with Lincoln so that he might present an important document in person. He was received at the White House.

"May it please Your Excellency," said Lord Lyons, "I have an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present. In it she informs Your Excellency that her son, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with Her Royal Highness, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark."

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Lord Lyons tendered the letter to the President and awaited his reply. It was:

"Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise." —WILLIAM H. SEWARD

A YOUNG ILLINOISAN named Wall enlisted early in the Civil War and, while at the front, wrote letters to his sweetheart, Elizabeth Jones, who also lived in Mulberry Grove, Illinois. There was another Elizabeth Jones in that town and, according to Wall, the Elizabeth Jones to whom he was not engaged got all the other Elizabeth's letters.

This was embarrassing to the soldier, and he tried by every means to get the letters to the proper girl. He even put her father's name on the envelopes with the girl's, but still the wrong Elizabeth read the right Elizabeth's letters.

Finally the exasperated boy resolved to write to the President, explaining the difficulty. By next mail the President's reply came: "I am very sorry. Whom do you want for

From *Lincoln Talks*, ed. by Emanuel Hertz. Copyright, 1939, by The Viking Press, Inc., 18 E. 48th St., New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

postmaster at Mulberry Grove? A. Lincoln."

The soldier-lover promptly replied, recommending a crippled cobbler. Within a few days the change took place, the mail was delivered to the right Elizabeth Jones, and by his warm-hearted action, Lincoln was a great factor in bringing about the Wall-Jones wedding, which took place soon after the war.

—James G. Johnson

ONE DAY A GUEST at the White House asked the President how large the Confederate Army was.

"About 1,200,000 men," he answered.

"Is it possible that it is so large?" the other cried in wonder.

"Well," said Lincoln, "whenever one of our generals is licked, he says that he was outnumbered three or four to one, and we have 400,000 men." —*Harper's*, November, 1862

AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN from Buffalo, calling at the White House, said enthusiastically: "Up our way, we believe in God and Abraham Lincoln."

"My friend, you are more than half-right!" was the President's reply as he passed him on to the next in line. —Emanuel Hertz

LINCOLN used to joke with me about my superstitions, since I carried a rabbit's foot for luck.

"Look at this," he said one day, and he took from his pocket a potato.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"For rheumatism," he replied. "I haven't had a twinge of rheumatism since I began carrying it."

"Wonderful!"

"Yes," said Lincoln, with his whimsical smile, "and still more wonderful is the fact that it's retroactive, too. I never had a twinge before I began carrying it, either."

—Emanuel Hertz

ONE DAY WHEN I first came to Springfield, I got into a fit of musing in my room and stood resting my elbows on the bureau. Looking into the glass, it struck me what an ugly man I was—I must be the ugliest man in the world. It so maddened me that I resolved should I ever see an uglier man, I would shoot him on sight.

Not long after this, a lawyer friend called Andy came to town and the first time I saw him, I said to myself: "There's the man." I went home, took down my gun, and prowled the streets waiting for him. He soon came strolling along.

"Halt, Andy!" said I, pointing the gun at him. "Say your prayers, for I am going to shoot you!"

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter? What have I done?"

"Well, I made an oath that if I ever saw an uglier man than I am, I'd shoot him on the spot. You are uglier, surely, so make ready to die now."

"Mr. Lincoln, do you really think that I am uglier than you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," said Andy, looking me squarely in the face, "if I am any uglier, fire away!"

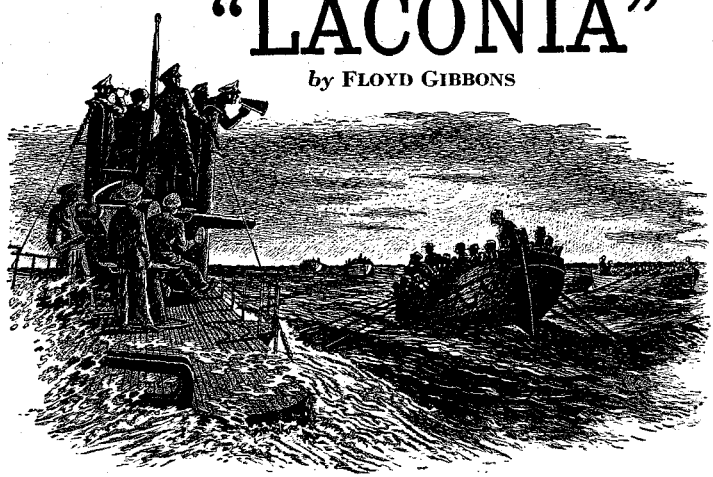
—*Lincoln, as quoted by* A. K. McClure

LINCOLN ONCE SAID, "I don't like to hear cut-and-dried sermons. When I hear a man preach, I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees." —Leonard Volk

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sinking of the "LACONIA"

by FLOYD GIBBONS



Floyd Gibbons was the most colorful and picturesque of World War I reporters. But he was not only a great reporter; he was a lucky one. Early in 1917, the Imperial German Government announced that after February 1 she would resume unrestricted submarine warfare and have her U-boats sink without warning any ship entering a forbidden zone in the North Atlantic. This was a situation made to order for Gibbons. Walter Howey, famous city editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, decided to send his star reporter to England to get news through the censorship proving that England had paid in blood for her lack of preparedness. At this moment the German Ambassador, von Bernstorff, was handed his papers in Washington and was preparing to return to Germany on the *Frederick VII*. In order to safeguard Gibbons' voyage, the *Tribune* suggested that he travel with the Ambassador. Gibbons rejected the advice and deliberately picked the *Laconia*, an 18,000-ton Cunarder whose route lay through the submarine zone. His considerate employers thereupon equipped him with a special life preserver, a freshwater bottle, flashlights and a flask of brandy. The *Laconia* sailed for France on February 17. Just eight days later, a U-boat sent two torpedoes crashing into the British passenger ship. Here is Gibbons' account of the sinking, pounded out hastily after he was rescued.

QUEENSTOWN, February 26 (*Via London*)—I have serious doubts whether this is a real story. I am not entirely certain it is not all a dream and that in a few minutes I will not wake up back in stateroom B 19 on the *Laconia* and hear my Cockney steward informing me that it is a fine morning.

It is now a little more than 20 hours since I stood on the slanting decks of the big liner, listened to the lowering of the lifeboats, heard the

*From *A Treasury of Great Reporting* by Louis L. Snyder and Richard B. Morris.
Copyright, 1949, and published by Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hiss of escaping steam and the roar of ascending rockets as they cast their red glare over the black sea.

I am writing this within 30 minutes after stepping on the dock here in Queenstown from the British mine sweeper which picked up our open lifeboat after an eventful six hours of drifting and darkness and baling and pulling on the oars and of straining aching eyes toward the empty horizon in search of help. But, dream or fact, here it is:

The *Laconia*, carrying 73 passengers, men, women and children—of whom six were American citizens—manned by a mixed crew of 216, bound from New York to Liverpool and loaded with foodstuffs, cotton and raw material, was torpedoed without warning by a German submarine last night off the Irish coast. The vessel rolled over and sank in about 40 minutes.

After leaving New York, passengers and crew had three lifeboat drills. All were supplied with life belts and assigned to places in the 12 big lifeboats poised over the side.

Submarines had been a chief part of the conversation during the trip, but the subject had been treated lightly. On Sunday, we knew generally we were in the danger zone, though we did not know definitely where we were. Most of the first-class passengers were gathered in the lounge Sunday evening. *Poor Butterfly* was dying wearily on the talking machine, and several couples were dancing.

Before the fireplace in the smoking room was a little gathering which had just about exhausted discussion when I projected a new bone of contention.

"What do you say our chances are of being torpedoed?" I asked.

"Well," drawled the deliberative Henry Chetham, a London solicitor, "I should say 4,000 to one."

Lucien J. Jerome, of the British diplomatic service, interjected: "Considering the zone and class of this ship, I should say 250 to one."

At this moment the ship gave a sudden lurch. There was a muffled noise like the slamming of a large door a good distance away. The slightness of the shock and the meekness of the report compared with my imagination were disappointing. Every man in the room was on his feet in an instant.

"We're hit!" shouted Chetham.

"That's what we've been waiting for," said Jerome.

"What a lousy torpedo!" said Arthur Kirby in typical New Yorkese.

I looked at my watch. It was 10:30 P.M.

Then came the prearranged signal to "abandon ship"—five blasts on the whistle. We rushed down the corridor leading from the smoking room to the lounge, which was amidships. We were running, but there was no panic.

It was dark on the landing leading down to the promenade deck, where the first-class staterooms were located. My flashlight came in handy on the landing.

I rushed into my stateroom, B 19, grabbed my overcoat, the water bottle and life preserver with which the *Tribune* had equipped me, then made my way to the upper deck.

I saw the chief steward opening an electric switch box in the wall, and instantly the boat decks were lit. That light saved lives.

The torpedo had hit us well

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

astern, missing the engines and dynamos. The illumination of the upper deck made the darkness of the water, 60 feet below, appear all the blacker when I peered over the edge at my station boat, No. 10.

Already the boat was loading up, and men and boys were busy with the ropes. I started to help near a davit, but was stoutly ordered to get out of the way and get into the boat.

Up and down deck, passengers and crew were donning life belts, throwing on overcoats, and taking positions in the boats. There were a number of women, but only one appeared hysterical—little Miss Titsie Siklosl, a French-Polish actress who was being cared for by her manager, Cedric P. Ivatt, appearing on the passenger list as from New York.

Steam began to hiss somewhere from the giant gray funnels that towered above. Suddenly there was a roaring swish as a rocket soared upward from the captain's bridge, leaving a comet's tail of fire. I watched it as it described a graceful arc in the black void overhead, and then, with an audible pop, it burst in a flare of brilliant colors.

There was a tilt to the deck. It was listing to starboard at just the angle that would make it necessary to reach for support to enable one to stand upright. Meantime, electric floodlights had been suspended from the promenade deck and illuminated the dark water that rose and fell on the slanting side of the ship.

"Lower away!" We started down with a jerk toward the hungry swells. Then we stopped with a jerk and remained suspended in mid-air while the man at the bow and the stern swore with the lowering ropes. We clung to the seats to save ourselves from falling out.

"Who's got a knife, a knife, a knife!" shouted a sweating seaman.

"Great God, give him a knife, somebody!" bawled a half-dressed, jibbering stoker.

A hatchet was thrust into my hand and I forwarded it to the bow. There was a flash of sparks as it crashed down on the holding pulley. Many feet and hands pushed the boat from the side of the ship, and we sagged down again, this time smacking squarely on a rising swell.

But we were far from being off. The pulleys stuck twice in their fastenings, bow and stern, and the ax passed forward and back, and with it my flashlight, as the entangling ropes that held us to the sinking *Laconia* were cut away.

As we pulled away from the ship, its ranking and receding terrace of lights stretched upward. The ship was slowly turning over. We were opposite the engine rooms. There was a tangle of oars, spars and rigging, and considerable confusion before four of the big sweeps could be manned on either side of our boat.

The jibbering stoker was pulling directly behind me, and I turned to quiet him as his frantic reaches with his oar were hitting me in the back. In the dull light from the upper decks I looked into his slanting face, eyes white and lips moving convulsively. Besides being frightened, the man was freezing in the thin cotton shirt that composed his entire upper covering.

"Get away from her; get away

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from her!" he kept repeating. "When the water hits her hot boilers, she'll blow up, and there's tons of shrapnel in the hold!"

His excitement spread to other members of the crew in the boat. It was the give away of nerve tension. It was bedlam and nightmare.

Seeking to establish authority in our boat, I made my way to the stern and there found an old, white-haired Nova Scotian sea captain, a second-cabin passenger, with whom I had talked before. His name is Captain Dear.

"The rudder's gone, but I can steer with an oar," he said. "I will take charge, but my voice is gone. You'll have to shout orders."

There was only one way to get the attention of the crew, and that was by an overpowering blast of profanity. I did my best and was rewarded by silence while I made the announcement that, in the absence of the ship's officer assigned to the boat, Captain Dear would take charge.

We rested on our oars, with all eyes on the still-lighted *Laconia*. The torpedo had struck at 10:30 P.M. It was 30 minutes afterward that another dull thud, accompanied by a noticeable drop in the hulk, told the story of a second torpedo that the submarine had dispatched from a distance of 200 yards.

We watched silently during the next minute, as the tiers of lights dimmed slowly from white to yellow, then to red, and nothing was left but the murky mourning of the night, which hung over the scene like a pall.

A mean, cheese-colored crescent of moon revealed one horn above a rag-bundle of clouds in the distance. A rim of blackness settled around our little world, relieved only by a general leering of stars in the zenith, and where the *Laconia's* lights had shone, there remained only the dim outline of a blacker hulk standing out above the water like a jagged headland, silhouetted against overcast sky.

The ship sank rapidly at the stern until at last its nose stood straight up in the air. Then it slid silently down and out of sight, like a piece of disappearing scenery in a panorama spectacle.

Boat No. 3 stood closest to the ship and rocked about in a perilous sea of clashing spars and wreckage. As the boat's crew steadied its head into the wind, a black hulk, glistening wet and standing about eight feet above the surface, approached slowly and came to a stop opposite the boat.

"What ship was dot?" The correct words in throaty English with the German accent came from the dark hulk, according to Chief Steward Ballyn's statement to me later.

"The *Laconia*, Cunard line," responded the steward.

"Vot does she weigh?" was the next question from the submarine.

"Eighteen thousand tons."

"Any passengers?"

"Seventy-three," replied Ballyn, "men, women and children, some of them in this boat. She had over 200 in the crew."

"Vell, you'll be all right. The patrol will pick you up soon." And without further sound, save for the almost-silent fixing of the conning-tower lid, the German submarine moved off.

There was no assurance of an early rescue, despite the promise of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

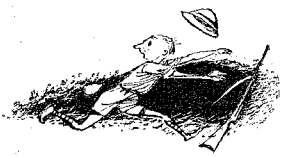
the U-boat commander. The lifeboat bobbed about like a cork. After six hours, the wet and bedraggled survivors were picked up by a mine sweeper, *H.M.S. Laburnum*, and rushed to port.

Gibbons' report of the sinking was published on February 26, synchronously with the delivery of President Wilson's address to Congress in joint session. In his speech, the President disclosed an unexpected view—that Germany, in implementing her campaign of unrestricted submarine warfare, had not yet committed an "overt act" that would make action by the U.S. imperative.

Gibbons' dramatic story made it clear that the President was in error. The latter soon decided that the destruction of the *Laconia* without warning, with the loss of American lives, was a clear-cut violation of the pledge made by the German Government after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Having believed it possible for a nation to be too proud to fight, he knew pride would become cowardice were such atrocities to go unanswered.

On April 2, 1917, Wilson, visibly pale and deeply affected by the awesome character of his task, appeared before Congress and asked for a declaration of war against Germany.

Cat Chat



SEEMS A PROUD old Simba collared an antelope on the edge of the jungle. "Who is the King of Beasts?" the lion asked with a roar.

"You are, O mighty lion," gulped the antelope as he raced wildly away.

The lion then cornered a wise and ancient chimp. He repeated his question.

"Now what monkey couldn't answer that," the chimp grinned. "You are, of course."

In a happy mood, the lion padded along. He bumped into a huge, bad-tempered elephant. "Who is the King of Beasts?" Simba demanded.

The elephant's answer was to pick the lion up in his trunk, whirl him around three or four times, and then casually toss him into a bramble patch 50 feet away.

Bruised and battered, Simba somehow regained his feet. "Just because you don't know the answer," he growled, "you don't have to lose your temper."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

A MOVIE PATRON rushed up to the manager storming, "What's the idea of letting a lion into your theater?"

"A lion!" gasped the manager. "You must be mistaken."

"Oh, no, I'm not," was the retort. "He sat right next to me. Come see for yourself."

The manager followed down the aisle, and sure enough there sat the lion.

"See here!" snapped the manager. "What are you doing here?"

The lion looked around calmly and explained, "Why I liked the book so much I thought I would enjoy the movie." —PATRICIA GATELY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art Feature

THE UGLY DUCKLING

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN is remembered all over the world as the immortal storyteller. His fables have delighted children and grownups. Soon, Samuel Goldwyn's film re-creation of the illustrious Dane's life will be seen by millions. For Coronet, Danny Kaye, star of that movie, retells the story of *The Ugly Duckling* to an audience of fairy tale enthusiasts. These photographs reveal not only the artistry of Danny Kaye, but also convey the rapture of his wide-eyed listeners.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

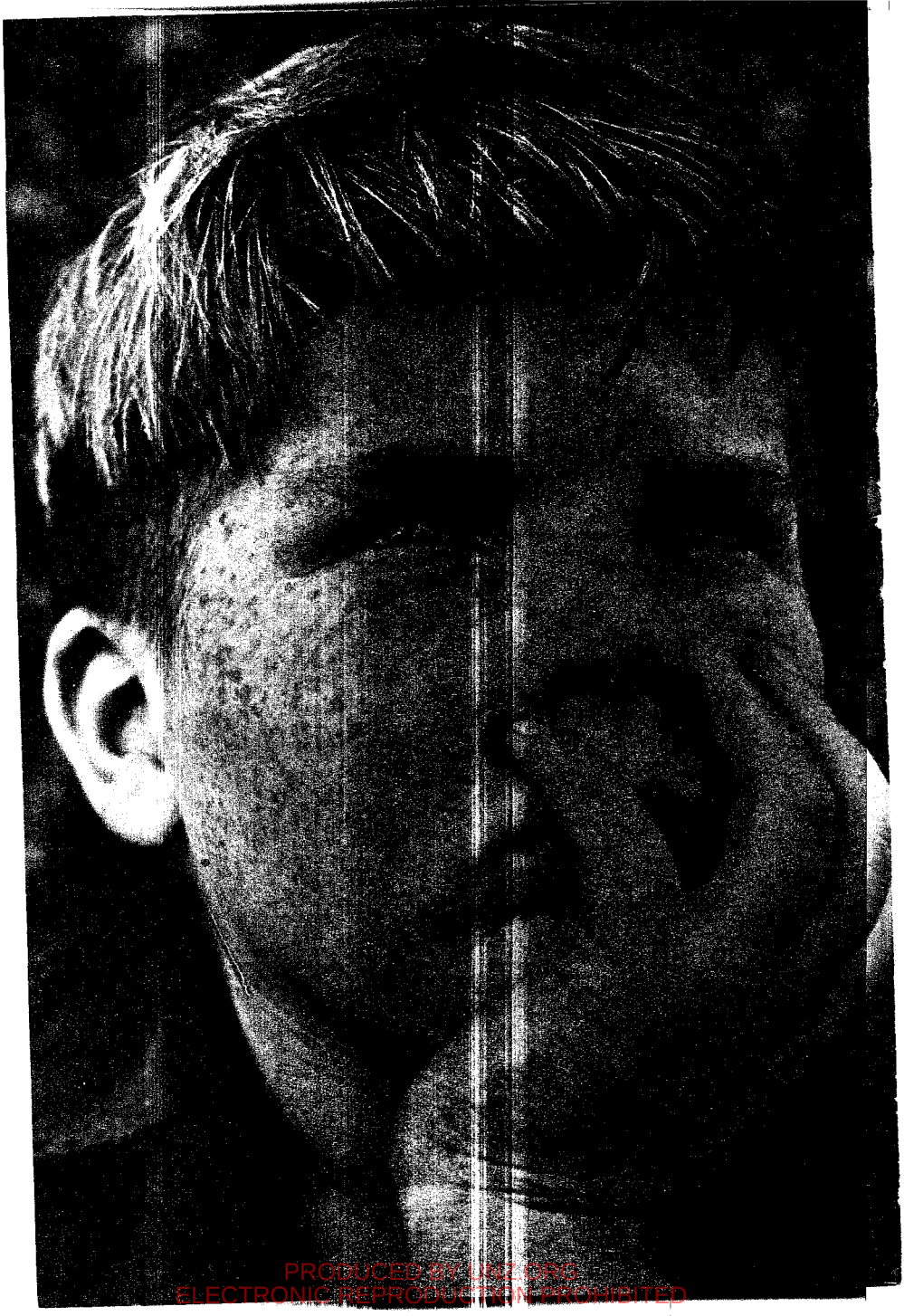
ONCE upon a time, on a faraway farm, a handsome duck sat upon her eggs, waiting patiently for them to hatch. Soon, with a "Peep, peep," four white ducklings poked their scrawny necks through their eggshells into the wide world. "My," exclaimed the Mother Duck proudly, "they are very well formed. They look like their father." Suddenly, the largest egg of all cracked open and, with a hoarse cry, out stepped an unseemly gray duck.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THIS one is very large," said the mother doubtfully, "and quite ugly, I fear. Perhaps he is a turkey chick." But when she took her family down to the pond, the Ugly Duckling swam as well as his brothers and sisters. "Very well, then," said the mother, "I shall introduce you to the other barnyard animals. Remember to keep your toes turned out like a well-brought-up duck should. And be sure to say, 'Quack, quack,' to your elders."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



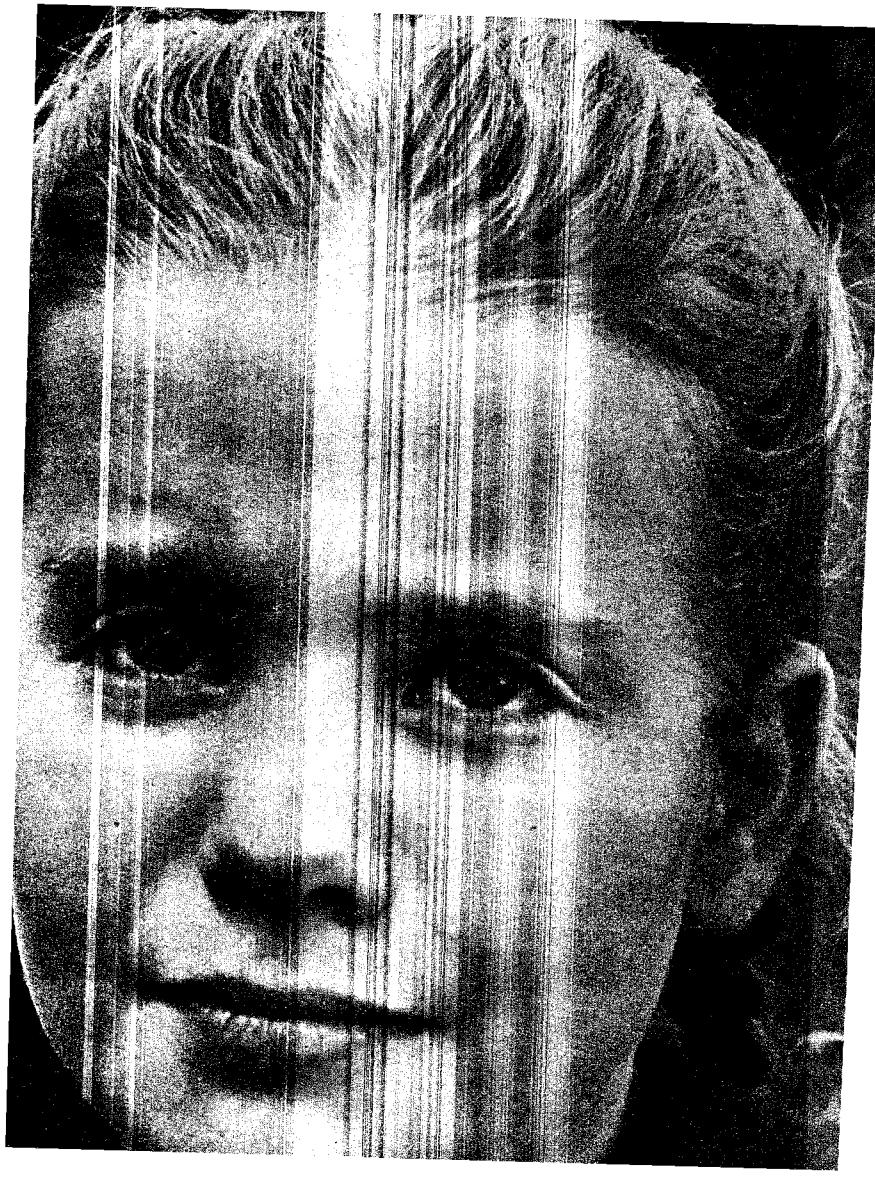
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AND so the mother led her little ones around the barnyard. All the animals spoke well of the first four ducklings, but for the large, gray duckling, they had only abuse. The chickens flew at him and pecked his neck; the turkeys beat him. Even his brothers and sisters spoke harshly: "You are so ugly," they said, snapping at him. Finally, frightened and sad, the Ugly Duckling leaped the fence that surrounded the farm and flew out over the Great Moor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He lay alone in the reeds and watched a flock of graceful white birds fly overhead. They were swans, and the Ugly Duckling felt a strange, sad yearning as he saw them turn south and fly away. "Oh," he said to himself, "if only I could fly with those lovely birds. But they are so beautiful and I am so ugly." Now the winter came and the lake began to freeze. The Duckling beat its wings in terror, but soon it was trapped by the ice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

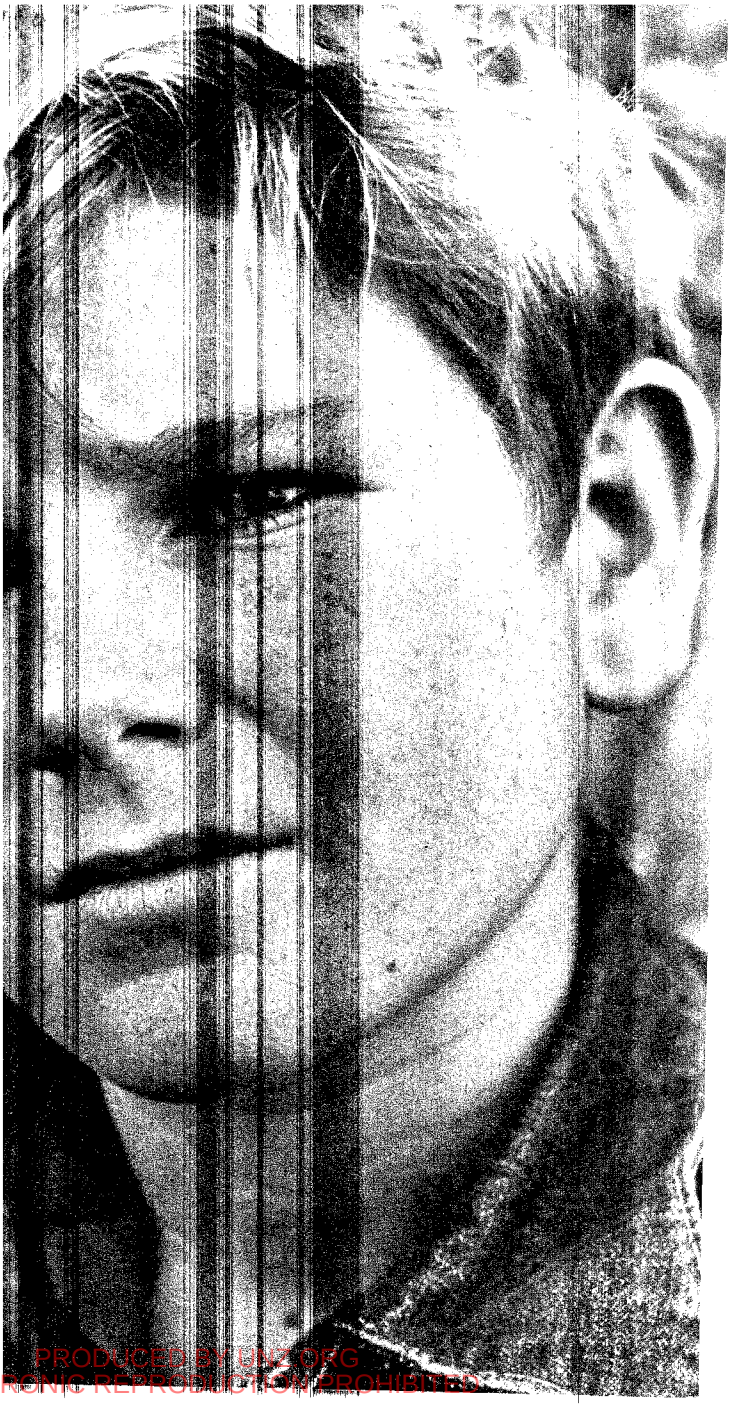
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EARLY one morning, a peasant walked by and saw the Duckling. Quickly he cracked the ice and took the half-frozen bird home to his children. They were delighted with it and wanted to play, but the Duckling was frightened and flew across the room. Splash! went the milk pan, and milk cascaded to the floor. Crash! went the butter barrel, and the Duckling, covered with butter from beak to tail, flew out the door.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AWAY he went, flying over beautiful green gardens, for now the sun shone warm again. He longed to catch one more glimpse of the swans, so enchanted was he with their loveliness. Alighting on a canal, his eyes grew wide as he saw them flying toward him. He was petrified with fear. "They want to beat me because I am so ugly," he thought, and bowed his head to await their attack. "Better to be beaten by those graceful creatures than to fly forever in fear of ducks and chickens and children."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



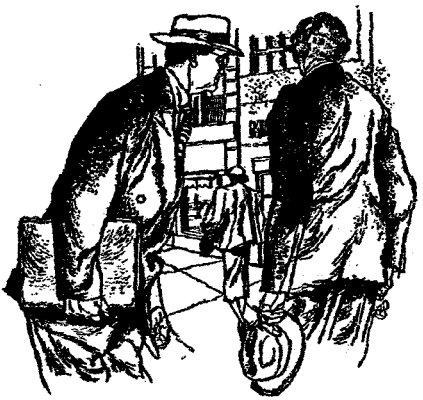
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the swans did not harm him. They caressed his feathers and murmured in his ear. Amazed, the Duckling opened his eyes and beheld, reflected in the clear water, not a gray, ugly duckling but a beautiful white swan. Little children stood on the shore and shouted, "Look, there is a new swan. He is the handsomest of all." And, for the first time, the Duckling—nay, the swan—knew happiness. "It matters little if one is born in a duckyard," he thought with joy, "if one has lain in a swan's egg."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NOBLEST OF LOVERS



by CHANNING POLLOCK

THE WORLD IS FULL of great lovers, but very few of them own yachts or employ valets in High Society.

Not long ago I met one on Fifth Avenue. He's a linen salesman, and his wife went to school with my wife. They have been together now for 40 years or more. On the smallest of salaries, they have paid for their home and sent their two boys through college.

This hot afternoon, Fred looked pretty grubby. He was wearing a shiny old blue-serge suit, and maybe you know how blue serge can shine, and where.

"Fred," I asked, "why can't you treat yourself a little better these days? You're getting on in years, you know."

Fred looked at me shamefacedly and said: "That's it. I'm getting old, and so I'm hanging on to an awful lot of life insurance. I want to be sure that Nettie's all right when I'm gone."

He turned away and walked down Fifth Avenue, and a ray of sunshine fell on that glossy suit. Suddenly I saw, not shiny blue serge but shining armor. I saw a man with spurs on his boots, and a sword at his side, and the colors of the woman he loved in his plumed helmet. And I said to myself:

"What's the difference between that man and Lancelot? Lancelot fought just 20 minutes for the woman he loved, and this man has been fighting for 40 years, and he's going on fighting until the day he dies."

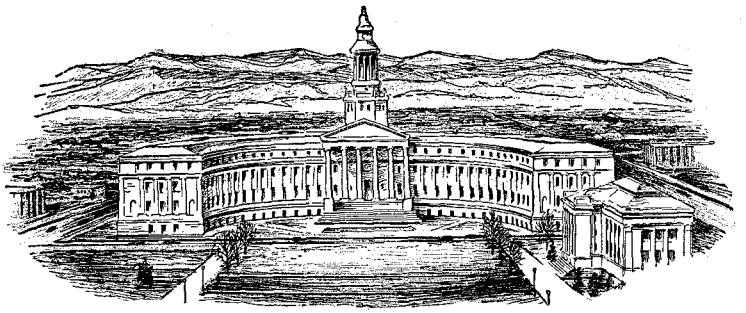
There are millions of Freds in the world. An army marches into the subways every morning, and gets out at the office, and fights a battle for the woman it loves, and comes home in the evening, tired but happy, to some castle where that woman is keeping the flag flying.

That is why we're still one of the great nations in the world, and that is why there still seems to be an excellent chance that we shall survive the wisecrackers, and the crowd that supplies "what the public wants," and as many other corruptive and degenerative influences as ever beset a simple and not-too-conspicuously a thinking people.

That is one reason why there is still so much of heaven on earth. A world without love would be as barren as a world without sunshine or rain—or as unsatisfying as those curious legendary places in the tropics where the abundant fruits have no flavor and the colorful birds have no song.

From *The Adventures of a Happy Man*, by Channing Pollock. Copyright 1939, 1945, by the author, and published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 432 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Denver Rules Its Own Empire

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

And now the Mile High City thinks it should be the Capital of the United States

EVERY AMERICAN CITY makes some proud boast about its importance, but none voices quite so brash a claim as Denver, Colorado. This, our 24th largest city, hails itself as capital of the sprawling Rocky Mountain Empire, a chunk of territory covering more than 500,000 square miles.

But the Mile High City's eyes are on still bigger game. For Denverites aren't joking when they claim the time has come to get the government out of Washington and make Denver the Capital of the United States.

That is mighty strong talk coming from a city that, just a few years ago, seemingly yearned to do nothing more than slumber in the warm Colorado sun. For Denver is a modern Rip Van Winkle, recently awakened from a long sleep to again become one of America's most vital and exciting communities.

Today, it glitters with new buildings, from the handsome Denver Coliseum big enough to hold all the people who want to see the razzle-dazzle National Western Stock Show and Rodeo, down to thousands of new homes being built to accommodate the stampede of newcomers who have swelled the population of the metropolitan area to more than 500,000. New factories and businesses include the giant Rocky Flats Atomic Plant, not far from the city limits.

Along Colfax Avenue, a main street that lances straight east and west, there are scores of lavish new motels, visible symbols of the millions of tourists who pour into the city each year.

On downtown streets, where traffic is controlled by robot-operated signals, cars roll smoothly, in a lesson to other communities. Piercing the city, the new Valley Highway,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a multi-laned freeway, speeds traffic still further.

All this is an effort to bring the man-made advantages of Denver up to the level of its natural blessings, two of which, climate and mountains, have been enough to insure Denver's survival in a spot where, by usual standards, there would be no city at all.

In the winter, snow may be piled 40 feet deep in the mountains, while Denver basks in golden sunshine. In the summer, in the high, dry air, 90 degrees just doesn't seem very hot. And with the coming of evening, nature's air conditioning brings cooling breezes down from the mountains.

DENVER'S NICKNAME, the Mile High City, has led to the understandable misconception that Denver is in the mountains. Actually it lies in spacious splendor on the wide, open plain which, from the Mississippi to the Rockies, rises gradually until, at Denver, it has reached the 5,000-foot level. The city is a good 20 miles from the mountains—close enough to enable its citizens to drive to them to picnic, hike, ski, fish or just admire the scenery; far enough away to get the best view of the high peaks of the Continental Divide.

Denver has been accused of living in the past, but it's probably forgiveable in a city that had such a gaudy one. The whole extravaganza began in 1858, when prospectors turned up gold in Cherry Creek. News of the strike spread and soon fortune-hungry thousands were pouring across the plains.

The glowing reports proved false. Some turned back; others fanned out into near-by mountains. Somehow a huddle of cabins became a town that acquired the name of Denver, after the governor of Kansas Territory, who, oddly enough, never even visited the city.

The future of the town looked hopeless. Then gold was really discovered in Clear Creek and other streams, and what would have become a ghost town immediately became a boom town. But the mountains that yielded the gold blocked off the city from a place on the main overland trails between East and West.

Into the picture stepped the "Napoleon of the Plains," the fabulous Ben Holladay. With a contract to carry mail to the West Coast, he gave Denverites to understand that if they could find a shorter way through the mountains, he'd put Denver on the main route. Excited citizens gathered in a raucous meeting, filled hats with money for a mountain survey by Captain Berthoud, lately back from building a railway in Panama, and the famed frontiersman, Jim Bridger.

Early in the Summer, the two men fought their way up through the still deep snows. "No stages," said Bridger emphatically, "will ever get across here!"

Berthoud stubbornly led on over the wind-swept pass that travelers now confidently drive the year round on U. S. Highway 40. But Holladay snorted when he heard the report; he decided that he would take his stages by a longer, but safer, route.

By that time, the city had its eyes on bigger game. The Union Pacific had been authorized to build across the West. Frantically Denver fought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to get a place on the main line, but engineers were horrified when they looked at the mountains that Berthoud claimed could be crossed.

The black day came when the U. P. announced it was going via Cheyenne. Many merchants tore down their stores, loaded goods on wagons and headed north. The town lost half its population overnight. That was when a Union Pacific official pronounced Denver "too dead to bury."

But he was wrong, for Denver businessmen started their own railroad, connecting with the U. P. in Cheyenne.

Although Denver's transcontinental hopes were still blocked by the Rockies, one man was not awed. Back in 1860, when the town was not more than two years old, a book peddler named David Moffat had appeared. He prospered, and eventually made millions as a banker and mine speculator.

"If I spend every cent I have," he announced, "I'll build a railroad through the Rockies!"

While doubters scoffed, his crews undertook the staggering job. In a single 13-mile stretch they sent the new line in and out of 28 tunnels, until it reached the barrier of the Divide. Here Moffat planned to slash a giant tunnel straight through James Peak. Only by that time, his fortune had so shrunk that he had to order his crews to go over the mountain pass instead.

Fighting the terrible winters, the men finally got the road built. But year after year it was blocked by snow, and Denver still did not have its route to the sea.

The city had nevertheless grown in spite of its handicaps, until now it was worried about water. The idea began to take shape that water could be carried through a twin-bore dream tunnel, along with a railroad.

A bond was authorized, and soon gangs were at work on the job that cost six lives, five years of time, and $18,000,000. Today, glittering, modern streamliners slide smoothly through the six-mile-long Moffat Tunnel, second longest railroad tunnel in the United States.

THE BRIGHTNESS OF Denver's frontier reputation as a theatrical center has never been dimmed. It still boasts one of the most remarkable theatrical institutions in the United States—the amazing Elitch Gardens, a spot where you can have a picnic, stroll leisurely in lavish gardens, dance to big-name bands and take in a popular Broadway play at what rates as America's oldest summer stock theater.

It's hard to believe that the booming, exuberant city of today was, just a few years ago, a quiet spot. Denver began picking up momentum when Quigg Newton, young lawyer son of an old Denver family, came back from service in the Navy after World War II.

Other places had boomed, but Denver had acquired few factories. Its streets were in a state of disrepair; its traffic was badly tangled by ancient lights and unreadable street markers.

Newton looked about with wonderment. Could this Denver be the robust, hustling city that had once kept the West in an uproar with its daring antics? Could it be the same innovator credited with one of the nation's earliest juvenile

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

courts, the first Community Chest?

Newton found that other young men were thinking the same thoughts. The city lacked leadership in nearly every aspect.

"You ought to be mayor, Newt," one friend said jokingly, and the idea spread.

People started taking a good look at "Quiet Quigg," who had suddenly become very vocal. Just 35, he was a squarely built family man with a wife and two children, who fervently believed that Denver was capable of big things.

Before he knew it, Newton, heading a non-partisan reform ticket, was swept into office.

In the five years since, Denver has hummed with activity as Newton and his "Young Turks," the group of youthful advisors he appointed, have tackled one phase after another of community life. Again the city is bursting with the kind of boundless confidence exhibited by the group of early miners who met above a saloon and voted to petition the Government to move the capital to Denver.

It may have been mere braggadocio then, but today, in this precarious Atomic Age, there are powerful arguments for picking Denver. Actually, the city is close to the geographical center of the U. S. and already has more government offices than any other city except Washington, D. C. And more are moving in all the time. To Denverites, it seems a fine start toward achievement of their mile-high hopes.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

"The Littlest Stork," *by Charles Tazewell*

"Once, on a Day-After-Christmas, there appeared in Paradise a small, awkward, knobby specimen of birdlife, who was to become known throughout the Celestial City as the Littlest Stork." So begins a memorable Coronet Christmastime story, illustrated in full color, which you will read yourself and then read aloud to your children, for it combines delicious humor with the heartwarming sentiments of the Yule season.

"Sacred City," *a Coronet Picture Feature*

In today's Bethlehem, much is changed and much is unchanged since that Holy Night almost 2,000 years ago. Here, in superb photographs, the people and places of the Sacred City are portrayed against an historical backdrop. This is just one more feature in a December issue which Coronet has filled with the spirit of the holiday season.

"Why Johnnie Ray Cries," *by Booton Herndon*

The latest star on America's entertainment horizon is a young singer who has literally cried his way to success. In this colorful and dramatic portrait of Johnnie Ray, you will learn the whys and wherefores of his phenomenal climb to triumph.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I SPEAK WITHOUT A VOICE

by RICHARD GREER
as told to STEPHEN BROTT

I SHALL ALWAYS remember the night before the operation. That was the night before they removed my vocal cords, took away my voice and left me with a permanent opening in my throat.

I remember phoning my wife and saying: "Well, you're hearing my natural voice for the last time." And I also remember it was only a few minutes later that a nurse handed me an envelope.

It was from my wife. She had sent me a picture of a giraffe and had written across it: "This critter never had a voice—but his head is always in the air!"

Cheered and encouraged, I turned out the light for a night's rest. But then I got to thinking how it had all started a year before, and it was like reliving a nightmare. . . .

The family noticing that my voice wasn't as loud as it once was. I noticing that my words weren't as clear as they used to be, and my voice sometimes coming back loud and then fading again. Several doctors saying it was laryngitis, while I gargled and took syrups and pills. Finally, the young doctor in Cartierville taking X rays and sending me to a specialist. Then the specialist saying an operation was absolutely essential.

At Montreal General Hospital, another doctor examined me, and at last I knew what was at stake. I had cancer of the vocal cords.

"The sooner you go through with this operation, the better," he said. "You're in your early fifties and in good health. You can't afford to take chances. Of course, you'll lose your voice, but we have every chance of saving *you*."

Everything had happened so fast that I was frightened—not of the operation but of never being able to speak again. I began to wonder whether the doctors were just letting me down easy by saying I had a good chance of being able to speak again, with a *new kind* of voice.

In a few days I was admitted to Montreal General, where the surgeons started my rehabilitation even before the operation. They took me to see a man who had been operated on for the same thing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a few days earlier. He showed me the tube in his throat, and it didn't look like much of a disfigurement.

Then came the morning for my own operation. I recovered consciousness five hours later, but by that time I was beyond worrying about anything.

The summer day was hot, and I was dying for a drink of water. But I couldn't drink because of what the surgeon had done. He had removed my larynx (or vocal cords), then bent the windpipe and sewed it around a half-inch aperture left open at the base of my throat. Into this he had fitted a short silver tube.

He had actually eliminated the passage into the windpipe from both nose and throat. As a result, I had to breathe through the aperture in my throat. This was to be my new "nose."

I KEPT THINKING how a man goes along for fifty-odd years and never knows how precious his voice is, until he loses it. Then it occurred to me that, at my age, a man usually feels that he's done everything and seen everything. Now I had the opportunity of recapturing a voice that was lost, a goal to work toward. Here was a challenge that would add zest to life! . . .

After three weeks, when I was walking around the ward, my doctor sent an assistant to see me. He talked about my acquiring a new voice.

"As you probably know," he explained, "normally we must have air coming through our throat and mouth in order to speak. And we get our air supply from the lungs. However, in the case of a patient like yourself, you can't do it. The windpipe is no longer connected to the mouth. But you *can* bring up air from the stomach."

"Like burping?" I asked, and he nodded. (I say I "asked." Actually I moved my lips and he read them.)

The young doctor handed me a glass of ginger ale. I took a few swallows and soon the gas came up, along with a small grunt.

"There!" said the doctor. "That's the first sound you've made with what's going to be your new voice!"

It sounded a bit silly, but I could see that he was serious.

"The air coming up from your stomach," he went on, "will pass by tissues in the back of your throat. These and other parts will take the place of your vocal cords. *They* will now vibrate a little and enable you to produce sound. Your lips and tongue and cheeks will form this sound into words as before."

He made it sound simple, but when I tried to speak, all I could manage was a hissing sound.

"You'll have to practice for hours," he cautioned. "The main thing is that no matter how difficult it seems, you must not worry."

I tried—tried very hard. Seven weeks after the operation, I was home with my family, determined not to sit around the house and get morbid. I was going to get back to work, and not have time to think of myself.

But things didn't work out that way. I did sit around home, I did mope, I did feel life had dealt roughly with me.

Often I found myself reaching for pencil and paper to scribble a simple request to my family, and then quickly deciding against it. What I wanted didn't seem worth the ef-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fort—and the "shame." Then, nine weeks after the operation, I shook off the blues and went to see about my job. They accepted me back without the least hesitation, and I felt a lot better.

But little things irritated me. My friends shouted as if I were deaf instead of dumb. My shopmates would call out, "Good morning, Dick!" Loud noises made me jump. I would hear a fellow laughing and feel that this was what I wanted to do more than anything else in the world—but laughing was out forever.

Smell was another thing I missed. My sense of smell was almost entirely gone, and food was pretty tasteless. I could smoke, but the joy had somehow gone out of it.

And no more sports for me. Once I had enjoyed games and swimming. Now swimming is out of the question. If water gets into the opening in my throat, I drown. I have to be careful even when I'm in the bathtub.

Soon after I went back to work, I arranged to start speech rehabilitation with Mary Cardozo.

"Mrs. Cardozo is a speech therapist," my doctor had said. "She's had lots of experience with laryngectomized patients. I am sure she'll not only help you acquire a new voice, but will also be a good tonic for you."

No man ever spoke truer words. I've never met anyone with as much patience as Mrs. Cardozo, with as much consideration and enthusiasm.

Mrs. Cardozo is director of the Speech Clinic of Children's Memorial Hospital (largest speech clinic in Canada) and speech therapist at Montreal General. During the past six years she has worked with almost all patients in Eastern Canada who have undergone the same operation as I.

Even though she is only 33, she has helped hundreds of people to overcome speech problems—stutterers, cerebral-palsy patients, aphasics (where the speech centers of the brain have been damaged), as well as laryngectomized patients.

During the first lesson at her house, she explained that I must learn esophageal speech. "You'll bring up air from your esophagus or gullet, and press it out through your mouth. In doing this, you'll have to use muscles you never have used before."

She showed me how to gulp in air and swallow it stomach-ward. Up came a tiny burp, and I felt sheepish. But Mrs. Cardozo looked as proud as if I had just given her a gold medal.

"That's it!" she exclaimed. "Now swallow air again and form your lips as if you're saying 'Ah'. Once you've swallowed, you've really locked air in your stomach. Then press an air bubble up with your inner muscles."

I tried. Nothing came out.

"Sit back," she said gently. "Relax. Let your shoulders droop. Now try once more."

This time it came out. "Ah" was my first word with my new voice.

"You have to learn to make the *vibrating* sounds," Mrs. Cardozo explained. "These are found in the vowels, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and the semi-vibrating sounds, *l*, *m*, *r*, *ng*. You've already managed one. Let's try once more."

When I left her house that night

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I was walking on air. She had shown me how to say "Ah" and "Aw" and "Uh" and "Ih" and "Oo."

I went to the cellar of our home every night and repeated sounds for hours at a time. Soon I graduated to a list of words Mrs. Cardozo had given me. They were simple but useful—like "yes," "no," "fine"—each carried by one bubble of air.

Sometimes the going was so tough that I sat alone in my room, trying to keep back the tears. But after a while, I would force myself to go to the basement and try again.

All during these days, my shopmates were kind and helpful. They would say, "Come on, Dick, let's hear you say something." But I still didn't have enough confidence to try to speak, so I wrote on a scrap of paper: "If you catch me talking to myself, don't mind. I'm practicing how to speak."

From the way they looked at me, I could tell they were sure I'd never speak again. But Mrs. Cardozo wouldn't let me feel that way. Patiently, she led me from simple words to numbers.

"Slowly now. Start counting, please. Relax. Slowly now."

And I began—stumbling, wheezing, halting, repeating. Only after I reached "twenty-one" did she stop me.

"Do you realize you've just used *three* syllables on one breath?"

A thousand such tiny victories were charting my progress. . . .

Finally, one afternoon, I gathered my courage and decided to speak to a stranger for the first time. At the drug-store door, I hesitated and rehearsed my little speech. Then I went to the counter and I asked for a tube of toothpaste.

The clerk stared and handed me a pad and pencil. "Will you write it down, please?"

That angered me. "Lis/ten," I croaked out in syllables, "I/can/write/but/I/have/to/learn/to/talk." I stopped, gulped noisily. "I'll/try/ag/ain/and/if/you/don't/un/der/stand/this/time/you've/lost/a/sale. Lis/ten/care/full/y."

I could have whooped for joy when the clerk said, "Yes, sir," and handed me the toothpaste.

Meanwhile, my lessons with Mrs. Cardozo continued once a week. From words and short sentences, we went on to longer sentences, breaking them up into short groups of syllables so they made sense. Then one day, Mrs. Cardozo said: "Now you're on your own. Inside of ten weeks, you've acquired the fundamentals of speech. You can manage words and sentences. The rest is up to you!"

I wanted to tell her I owed a debt I could never repay, but the words just wouldn't come. And it was not because I didn't know how to produce words, either. . . .

However, I had yet to learn that merely having the fundamentals of speech wasn't enough. I had to learn how to cope with a thousand situations, each with its particular problem.

Traveling on a streetcar, for example. For one thing, noise still distracted me, left me speechless. Secondly, people always stared when my hoarse, low-pitched voice came out. It took grit to overcome my sensitivity when people stared, but I managed to do it.

I even overcame my fear of the telephone. For some reason I can't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explain, I had simply refused to answer calls. It was a major victory when I picked up the instrument and spoke into it. But I managed it only after months of practice in the basement.

Mrs. Cardozo was surprised and pleased when I phoned her one night and said: "I've been practicing a lot/ and now I can say a sentence/ with thirty syllables/ without taking an obvious breath."

SINCE THEN, I haven't stopped trying to improve my voice. In fact, I still practice every spare moment, trying to remove weak spots. But no matter how well I speak, I'm always conscious, with every word or phrase, of all the preparatory muscular motions I must go through with mouth, throat, lips, cheeks and the rest.

Now, what about my chances of being cured of this form of cancer? I heard the answer during a TV demonstration I took part in last year at the convention of the Canadian Medical Association. The man who gave the answer was one of the world's leading specialists in otolaryngology.

"We can expect cures," he said, "in 75 to 80 per cent of these cases when cancer is limited to the middle third of one vocal chord. Of course, this usually entails removal of the one cord. However, when cancer spreads much beyond the middle third, complete removal of the larynx is the treatment of choice. And within certain limits, this laryngectomy offers a cure rate of approximately 50 per cent."

I no longer fear that I may need another operation, although for the first three years, I did worry. With cancer, you can never be sure. That's why we should all have complete physical checkups each year. If there's trouble brewing, it's wise to catch it early.

Never neglect a hoarse, sore or bad throat. If it persists, don't try syrups or simply lay off cigarettes and say everything will be all right.

And don't worry how much it costs to visit a throat specialist. Believe me, it's cheaper in the long run—much, much cheaper.

Cause and Effect

AFTER A PARTICULARLY severe air raid in London during World War II, a rescue squad was seeking survivors. In the midst of the wreckage of a house they saw a beautiful blonde sitting in a bath tub, stark naked, holding her head in her hands and muttering. Pulling beams and girders aside they finally got to her and one of the rescuers asked anxiously, "Are you all right?"

The girl muttered dazedly, "I can't understand it. I simply can't understand it."

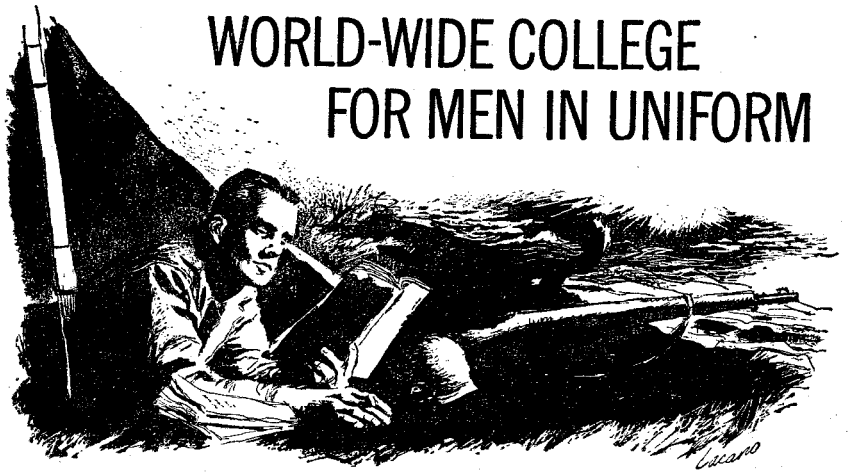
"What can't you understand?"

"I just can't understand it," she said. "All I did was pull the plug and the whole house came down."

—*North Central Association Quarterly*
(In Quote)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORLD-WIDE COLLEGE FOR MEN IN UNIFORM



by MAJ. GEN. JOHN M. DEVINE, U.S.A., retired,
as told to Catherine Brody

A LITTLE white Schoolhouse built on a jeep did a big business in Korea supplying correspondence courses to servicemen. The civilian director didn't expect much luck. But, operating only in the rear areas, he enrolled more men for more courses in two months than the mobile schools in Japan had been able to sell in ten.

The director found that the new students were mostly Reserves, called out of college and professional jobs. The White Schoolhouse stood for hope for the future. They had learned about a new feature of the Armed Forces education program that fitted in with the plans they were already making to catch up with the years ahead.

Today, the young man (or woman) who enters the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps or Coast Guard in the middle of schooling doesn't have to wait for a discharge to finish studies, even on the higher levels. Whether he wants a degree or advanced courses for promotion in civil life, he can go right ahead. By attending regular evening classes run for his benefit, or via correspondence courses, it's possible for him to work his way through college while in uniform.

Today, parents of recent high-school graduates don't have to think, "What's the use of Johnny starting college, when he'll be drafted soon?" They don't need to be afraid that, once in the service, his ambition for further schooling will lag for want of an outlet or because nobody is present to advise and encourage him.

Besides making sure by group talks and leaflets that Johnny understands his duties and privileges as an American, it's the job of the Office of Armed Forces Information and Education to help provide

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

educational opportunities to the various branches of the service. In this way, Johnny is given a chance to study in his spare time.

If Johnny was in too much of a hurry even to stop for his high-school diploma, we're ready for him, too, as we were for Seaman Paul—brought to our attention by his alert mother in Los Angeles. All Paul had to do, she explained, was to make up one term in American Government and one year of Physics. She had heard about the lessons by mail. But she didn't see how Paul and his lessons were going to get together aboard an LST.

The Navy Department wrote and told her to leave it all to Paul's Information and Education officer, who would obtain the lessons and arrange for him to take his exam, which is handled as a confidential military matter. The results are reported to civilian schools for credit. No ship is without an I and E officer—from the huge *Missouri* to the small subchasers.

On land, education headquarters at every post, camp, base and station of any size are the I & E centers, with classrooms, libraries and some day, we hope, study halls. I & E personnel keep in touch with servicemen everywhere.

Those who are now studying under the college programs—Operation Bootstrap, to use the Air Force name—are scattered halfway around the world. Some 30,000 were doing advanced work last year. One half actually go to university classes—from England to Japan, as well as in the States. There are almost 200 colleges and universities cooperating actively with the military services in the United States and overseas—in Europe, Africa, Japan, Newfoundland, the Caribbean area and Korea.

A picture of a typical class in Germany shows a pretty WAC in the front row—an American office worker maybe, or the wife of a serviceman attending by special permission at her own expense. In the next two rows sit an Army corporal and several airmen. There are 20 other servicemen-students.

This class meets off post. But whether classes are held in hotel ballrooms or Quonset huts (as some are overseas) or at the I & E centers on the post, they are run by the American university that sponsors them under its own rules and with its own teachers.

Naturally, the going is more rugged than in civilian life. The serviceman's workday may be 24 hours if necessary, and his job comes first. But men who want an education are a determined lot. In Germany, fliers went to class in their spare time, all through the Berlin airlift.

As for Korea, a veteran colonel came back to report: "It's the damnedest war I ever saw. They do their homework on the bombing runs from Japan, copilot going, pilot coming back. Relaxes them, they say. Then they hurry home, kiss their wives, grab their books and take off for school at the base."

When a man is stationed out of reach of the schools, he has the

---

General Devine, director of the Office of Armed Forces Information and Education until his retirement last July 31st, is now Commandant of Cadets at Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg. He thus remains connected with the Army through its college ROTC program.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States Armed Forces Institute (USAFI), our official correspondence school, to rely on. Not long ago, a 34-year-old Air Force major got within half a year of a degree, principally by USAFI courses and the sweat of his brow. The major started in 1949, lessons and textbooks following him either by mail or by the blue-and-white truck trailers and built-up jeeps that bring them to remoter places.

Last Spring he passed the College General Educational Development test—a test which is commonly accepted as equivalent to a substantial amount of higher education. To graduate from any college, however, he will have to attend its classes for a final term. That is an ironclad academic rule. USAFI itself has no power to grant credit, diplomas or degrees. Not every school accepts USAFI work for credit. However, many do, and the major's alma mater was among them.

A young Army corporal at Herzo Base in Germany equaled the major's feat, in his way. He began much farther back, hadn't finished the seventh grade. To help such boys, the public-school systems of some states either send out teachers even to disciplinary barracks or encourage commanding officers to have the servicemen go to local night schools.

Elsewhere teachers are hired—some 1,000 qualified men and women—to hold free classes from the first grade through high school in the I & E centers. Where there was no school for the corporal, there was always USAFI. Now he is a freshman in college back home.

We estimate that one man in five in the Armed Services makes some voluntary effort to improve his education under the program. Many of them are boys who didn't dream they were college material, or if they had, would have been at a loss to do anything about furthering their studies in civilian life.

For the most part, however, our college students are men who had their schooling cut off by war, past or present; veterans of World War II who stayed in the service and are now making up for lost education (their tuition is free under the G.I. Bill); the new crop of servicemen who are anxious not to lose time. And colleges are encouraging them, especially in the case of their own former undergraduates.

For linking the program to outside schools, we are indebted to civilian educators, who have worked with us enthusiastically. For example, in 1949 the University of Maryland, then conducting a branch college tucked away in the Pentagon and a dozen at near-by posts, launched classes in Europe.

Some 500 students were expected. When three times that number registered, they sent over Dr. Ray Ehrensberger, head of their Speech Department, to import more professors and textbooks from the States, and to lay the foundation for centers in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and 41 other points. Today there are 3,500 students, divided among the Air Force, Army and Navy.

In Europe, professors ride the circuit, like country judges. Most courses are compressed into eight-week terms. They teach a subject in one place for a term, then on to the next. A class meets twice a week, each session lasting three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hours. Yet in spite of the pressure on the men and their absences in the line of duty, the University of Maryland says their grades on the average are better than those of full-time students at College Park.

As more divisions move overseas, as duty takes more men away from school, educators are recognizing their share of the responsibility for giving continued educational opportunities to young servicemen and women who might otherwise be cut off from further studies. In addition, colleges and universities realize the value of the travel and research experience which Operation Bootstrap affords their teachers. Above all, the program whets the men's interest in learning, at a critical point in their lives.

Writing to the American Council on Education, the dean of one university predicts a final step for the colleges. "They will have to consider a student's military training as part of his schooling." In other words, the time is coming when service in the Armed Forces may be regarded by parents, as well as educators, not as an unavoidable break in a student's education, but as only another phase of the training a young American needs to measure up to his future responsibilities as a citizen.

Facts of Life

DURING THE COURSE of his examination, a psychologist asked a prospective patient, "What is the difference between a little boy and a dwarf?"

"Well, that depends," the patient replied thoughtfully.

"What do you mean?"

"The dwarf might be a girl."

—FRANCES RIDGE

THE SMALL SON OF a Hollywood writer had reached the age where Pa and Ma felt it was time to acquaint him with the facts of life, and they arranged with him to meet with the family doctor. The youngster listened attentively while the medico mumbled the full birds-and-bees routine. When the doctor had finished, he asked the boy if there were any questions he wanted to ask and if he understood everything. The kid said, "Sure, I understand it all, but what's it got to do with me? I'm going to be a real estate broker."

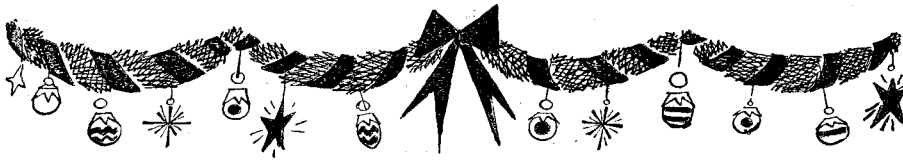
—*Tales of Hoffman*

MY 12-YEAR-OLD daughter, taking me by the hand, led me into the living room saying, "Dad, I would like to talk over the facts of life with you!"

We sat down on the sofa. I waited uneasily and after a brief pause she said, "Don't you think my allowance should be raised from 25 cents to a dollar?"

—REV. FRANCIS H. LOVE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



More than 500,000 People Agree that Coronet is the Ideal Christmas Gift to *Give* and to *Receive*

Coronet THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Penny for penny, feature by feature, Coronet is the best gift you can give this Christmas. Coronet's budget-wise Holiday Rates are now at an *all-time low*. And Coronet's ever-popular features are going to be even bigger and better in the year to come.

CORONET is so easy—so economical—to give. Order your Christmas gift subscriptions today, and then relax in the hectic shopping days just before Christmas.

YOU, TOO, WILL FIND THAT YOUR BEST GIFT BET IS CORONET.

Ted Mack "Reaches the heart of the people"

Gene Autry "Swell way to relax"

Ed Sullivan "One of Broadway's favorites"

Police Chief J. W. Polcyn, Milwaukee "Excellent record of public service"

Robert Q. Lewis "Can't be beat for good fun"

Faye Emerson "Relaxing *and* informative"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY'LL LIKE RECEIVING . . .

A BRIGHT NEW GIFT 12 times throughout the year, *reminding them of your thoughtfulness*

THE HEART-WARMING PROFILES, exclusive articles, lavish color pages, and dramatic picture stories coming up in Coronet in 1953

YOU'LL LIKE GIVING . . .

THE GIFT THAT SOLVES SHOPPING PROBLEMS, keeps you out of crowded stores and post offices. Coronet sends a beautiful gift announcement card for you, and gift-wraps the Holiday issue, at no additional cost to you.

THE GIFT THAT SAVES YOU MONEY. Coronet's Holiday Rates give you a great gift "buy." And you need pay nothing until January '53.

CORONET'S Once-a-Year LOW HOLIDAY RATES

1 One-year gift (regularly $3.00) **$2.50**

2 One-year gifts **$5.00** You save **$1.00**

3 One-year gifts **$7.00** You save **$2.00**

Each additional one-year gift **$2.25**

AND you can include your own subscription at these Christmas rates!

ORDER NOW JUST FILL IN

THE ORDER FORM ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE

AND MAIL IN THE ENVELOPE BOUND INTO THIS ISSUE

Earl Wilson "Makes smart reading"

J. Edgar Hoover "Exciting and educational"

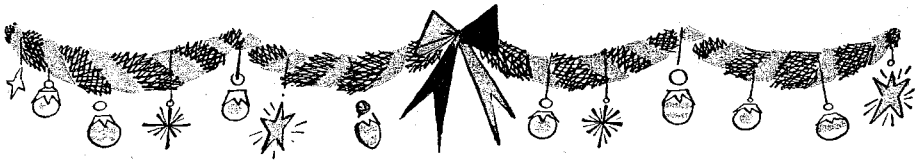
Sid Caesar "Every issue a hit"

Linda Darnell "A gift I enjoy myself"

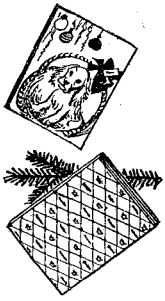
Gladys Swarthout "A 12-installment present"

Rev. Norman Vincent Peale "Stresses inspirational qualities"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ORDER NOW FOR



CORONET's SPECIAL GIFT SERVICE

When you send Coronet as a gift, you are also sending (with no added expense or effort on your part) a beautiful four-color Christmas card to announce your gift, with your name hand-penned. (Actual size is a big 5½ x 7½".)

The first issue of Coronet will come to your friends just before Christmas, gift-wrapped in a colorful Holiday jacket, designed especially for Coronet.

For a Relaxed, Shopping-free December

ORDER NOW . . . PAY IN '53

CORONET GIFT ORDER FORM

name of person sending order _____ (please print)

address _____

city _____ zone _____ state _____

$_____ enclosed ☐ Bill me in Jan. '53
(Persons outside U.S.A. or Canada must enclose full remittance)

☐ Enter my own subscription at the reduced Christmas rates.

☐ New ☐ Renewal

Enter these gift subscriptions

1st Gift
send to _____ (please print)
address _____
city _____ zone _____ state _____
gift card to read from _____

2nd Gift
send to _____ (please print)
address _____
city _____ zone _____ state _____
gift card to read from _____

3rd Gift
send to _____ (please print)
address _____
city _____ zone _____ state _____
gift card to read from _____

4th Gift
send to _____ (please print)
address _____
city _____ zone _____ state _____
gift card to read from _____

Send your order to CORONET Subscription Dept., Boulder, Colorado

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When John D. Listened

by ERNEST WEIDNER

"THINK HOW DESPERATELY such a project is needed. You have the money with which to do it, and at the same time benefit yourself."

Frederick Gates, a former Baptist minister, was speaking to the wealthiest man in America. For years, Gates had spread the word of God about the country with his excellent oratory. In 1888, he had been made secretary of the American Baptist Education Society. It was while in this capacity that he had come into contact with the man of untold millions, John Davison Rockefeller.

Rockefeller, who went into the business world as an inexperienced youth, became interested in oil at the age of 21. Within a few short years he had gained the know-how of bitter competition. New discoveries of petroleum in the U. S. opened the eyes of the young man to golden opportunities.

Quick to perceive the advantages, the young John D. threw all his dynamic energies into the work. At 31, he became president of Standard Oil Company. By enlarging his enterprises and buying out every possible competitor, he gained a virtual monopoly over the refining industry. He amassed more than a billion dollars, but his ruthless efforts amassed him billions more worth of public criticism.

Gates was talking to Rockefeller —Gates, a man who had given up the ministry because he had found a way of doing more good for a greater number of his fellow men. Blessed with a silver tongue and a most persuasive manner of pleading causes, he was able to pry money for humanity away from those who possessed wealth.

For several years Gates had been advising Rockefeller in donating part of his vast wealth to the service of others. Some money had been forthcoming, but it amounted to little when compared with the enormous fortune Rockefeller had amassed. And this money had been earmarked mainly for colleges and universities, worthy causes in themselves, but ones which at that time proved of little benefit to the very people who had been the chief contributors to the oil king's fortune.

These were the little people—farmers, shopkeepers, poor city fam-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ilies—all those who had contributed their nickels and dimes to John D.'s wealth every time they purchased a can of kerosene for their lamps.

And it was these people Gates had in mind, these people he was trying to help, as he sought to persuade Rockefeller to give money for a vitally needed medical research institute.

Weeks prior to this meeting of the two men, Gates had read a book which was to make great changes in his life. With many learned doctors numbered among his friends, Gates frequently found himself at a loss to stay abreast of them when they began "talking shop." He was eager to learn more about medicine and in order to be able to converse intelligently with these men, he had purchased a book called *The Principles and Practice of Medicine.*

His intention was to skim through its pages and cram all possible information into his head. But this book was not the "skimming" type. Within a few minutes Gates was bound to its pages as if by some magic spell.

The book was written by William Osler, professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins University. It was the first of its kind ever to be written. Gates read hungrily, and as he read, a feeling of terror mounted within him. For in the pages of this book the ex-minister found hundreds of diseases for which no cures were known.

"Why," he asked repeatedly, "are there no cures?"

His friends in the profession explained that a doctor's work was so pressing that it rarely permitted him much free time for laboratory work. What was needed, they explained, was a research center where specialists could spend the hours needed for seeking causes and remedies. These research men must have salaries guaranteed so that they could be free to work without the strain of outside activities and economic cares.

Gates thought carefully about these remarks, then took the book to John D.

"Just look it over again, sir," he said. "Look at the sickness and disease in this world for which there is no known cure. Do you realize that if such a center, set up by you, were to find a cure for just one of these diseases, your name would become a blessing to countless thousands of people all over the world?

"You have taken money from this country . . . from the people in it. Give more of it back. This is your great chance to prove to yourself and to humanity just how much you are willing to help the human race."

The elderly capitalist picked up the book and slowly thumbed its pages. He appeared lost in thought. Gates watched with hope in his heart and fear in his mind. This was a desperate moment. He was a salesman in a way, and many a good sale had been lost, he thought, because the salesman oversold the point. This must not be his mistake.

Suddenly, Rockefeller looked up. "How much will it cost?" he asked.

Gates felt his heart jump. This was the wedge. In his earlier attempts to raise money for worthy causes, he had found the battle to be almost won when the man started to talk price.

Tensely, he heard himself speak: "Two hundred thousand dollars

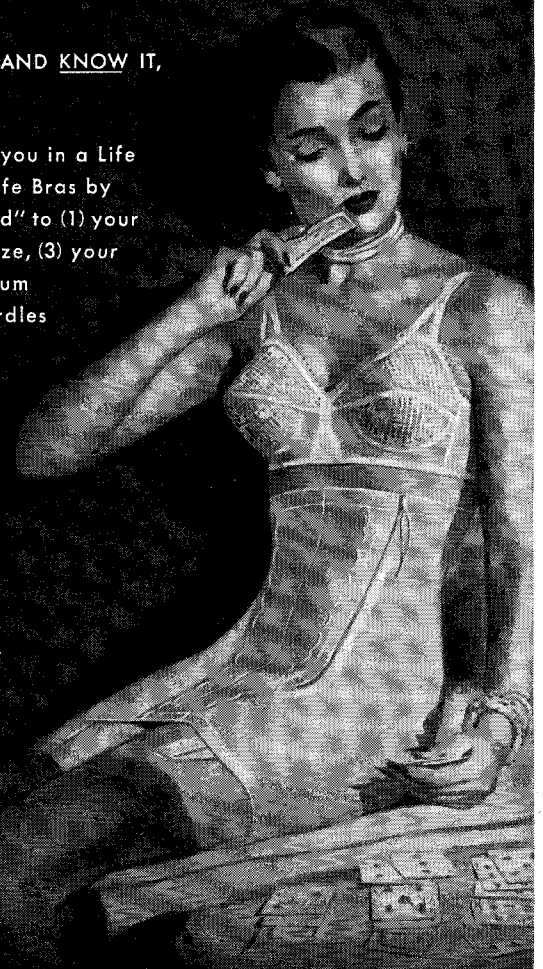
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Promise of Loveliness Fulfilled

LOOK YOUR LOVELIEST AND KNOW IT,
IN LIFE BY FORMFIT

Exciting, the change in you in a Life Bra and Girdle! Only Life Bras by Formfit are "Triple Fitted" to (1) your bust size, (2) your cup size, (3) *your separation*—wide, medium or narrow. And Life Girdles alone have Formfit's all-over *comfort control* that flattens the tummy as it slims the waist, trims hips, smooths thighs. Be fitted and see the difference!

Life Bras from $1.25
Life Girdles from $8.95



Life by Formfit

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be the endowment."

"Very well," said Rockefeller. "Get the program started as soon as a study has been made and an organization planned."

But that was not the end. In the years to follow, colleges, medical centers and many other benefits were to flow from the wealth of the oil king. Gates was to spend the money wisely.

Vital discoveries have come in the past from the great Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and other discoveries will no doubt come in the future. The Institute stands as a living memorial to the awakened philanthropy of a man who had once been but a seeker of wealth—and as a symbol of the strangeness of fate. For it was fate which took the money-making talent of an industrialist, the courage of a doctor unafraid to point to the ignorance of his own profession, and the foresight of a persuasive minister, and out of them built a beacon of hope for mankind.

Domestic Discords

THE KID IN the bathroom had just succeeded in running the tub over, the kid in the dining room had just dumped a bowl of cereal on the floor, the twins in the living room were engaged in a screaming hair-pulling fight as the author's wife paused before her husband's study door and called out, "How's the novel coming along, dear?"

"Fine," her husband replied. "Bob has just proposed to Annie."

She sighed. "Well, tell her to say no," she counseled.

FOR THE FIRST HOUR it was an argument, then it became a dreary monologue. The wife, not content with simply having her way, seemed bent upon reducing her husband to a state of abject submission.

The man tried several times to bring the harangue to a close, but now contented himself by interjecting at appropriate intervals a plaintive, "Yes, dear—yes, dear."

Plainly provoked by her husband's failure to fight back, the woman finally shouted: "You are insufferable! It will soon be impossible to live with you!"

A gleam of hope brightened the poor man's countenance.

"How soon?" he inquired.

THE HUSBAND and wife had been at it again, fussing and feuding. "Well, why don't you call me a jackass! You've hinted at it long enough!" he snarled.

"Oh, but that wouldn't be true!" she replied sweetly.

"Oh, yeah? I guess my ears aren't long enough, huh?" he snapped.

"No, your ears are long enough," she cooed, "but you need two more legs and a better voice."

—*Wall Street Journal*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BAD BREATH "Kissing Sweet" in Seconds

Clorets, with *active* chlorophyll*, banish odors from such causes as: ONIONS, GARLIC, SMOKING, ALCOHOL

CLORETS have only one purpose . . . they make your breath "Kissing Sweet" in the quickest, pleasantest way possible. CLORETS bring you the astounding benefits of *true*, water soluble chlorophyll . . . put into a most effective, quick-acting form.

It's simply amazing how fast *new* CLORETS Candy Mints or delicious CLORETS Chewing Gum purify your breath . . . banish odors even after onions, garlic, smoking or alcohol.

Enjoy Clorets Candy Mints

**water soluble chlorophyll factors*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Kinds of Gold

by JOE SMITH

THE TWO GOLD prospectors worked hard on the California hillside. For two months, they had searched eagerly for the precious and elusive speckled dirt.

To Bill, the hunt was an old experience; he had prospected for years. But Sam had gone to California merely for the trip, and finding himself at hard work soon proved a trial.

"Just stick with me, Sam," Bill said, "and I'll make you a rich man. We'll strike gold this time. I'm sure of it."

"Maybe," said Sam. His muscles ached with each swing of the pick. A hot sun scorched his back. Heat waves shimmered up from the bare rocks, blurring his vision.

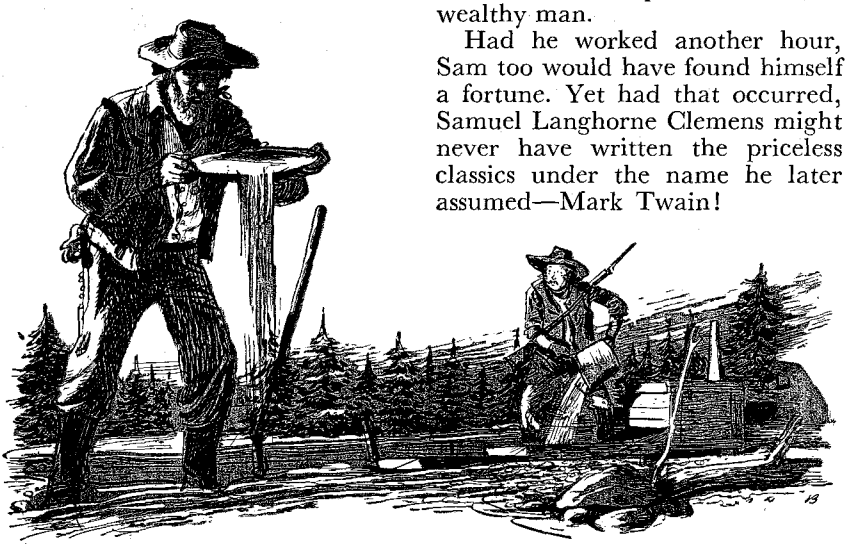
At dusk, Bill let out a cry. "Look, Sam, here it is! See those gold specks! We've done it, Sam!"

Sam eyed the few sparkling flecks. "It sure doesn't look like much," he said.

Next dawn, Bill and Sam were back at work, but they found little gold. Finally, Sam had enough. He returned to the cabin, changed his clothes, then wrote a note: "You can have it all, Bill. I was never meant to work so hard. There must be an easier way to get rich." Then he went away, never to return.

When Bill found the note he shrugged, and returned to his work. Soon he found layers of gold at the bottom of each pan. Bill was a wealthy man.

Had he worked another hour, Sam too would have found himself a fortune. Yet had that occurred, Samuel Langhorne Clemens might never have written the priceless classics under the name he later assumed—Mark Twain!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the Best in British Travel–
GO BY TRAIN!

NEW **9**-DAY
"Guest Ticket"
For **UNLIMITED** Rail Travel
ONLY **$30.00** THIRD CLASS
$45.00 FIRST CLASS
Not obtainable in Britain
Purchase before you leave

Modern trains, frequent services —how well they fit your plans for exploring all Britain. Your dollar buys more rail mileage in Britain than ever before. Let your Travel Agent secure tickets, reserve accommodations on trains, channel steamers and at hotels before you leave.

For information and literature write Dept. 16 at any British Railways Office

NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Plaza
CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. La Salle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. 6th St.
TORONTO, ONT. 69 Yonge St.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Bunion Derby

by ALLEN BERNARD

How fabulous "Cash and Carry" Pyle staged the biggest fiasco in sports history

IN THE 1920s, that era of wonderful nonsense between World War I and the great Depression, men, women and children in this country sat on flagpoles longer than ever before in history. They flew solo across the Atlantic, swam non-stop across the English channel. They participated in week-long roller-skate derbies and dance marathons.

But the most fantastic of all these capers was the International Transcontinental Foot Marathon, better known to newspaper readers as the "Bunion Derby." Nothing like it was ever seen before and nothing like it, in all probability, will ever be seen again.

The spectacular Bunion Derby was ballyhooed as "the greatest test of human endurance in history." It has been acclaimed as one of the most fabulous promotion schemes ever concocted. And it has also been condemned as the most blatant exploitation of human beings, in the name of sports, ever perpetrated anywhere.

Its originator, Charles C. Pyle, was a remarkable example of a modern Barnum. Prodigal son of a Methodist minister, he was a little man with a belligerent jaw, wispy mustache and slicked back, graying hair. He was also endowed with a super-keen nose for smelling out money in places where others didn't even suspect it existed.

In 1925, these talents yanked him from obscurity as operator of small-town nickelodeons and made him a national figure in professional sports. It was Pyle who showed Red Grange, famed "Galloping Ghost" of the University of Illinois gridiron, how to make pro football a paying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Order Now for a Merry "Film-Christmas"

Make this Yuletide the merriest ever with Christmas films from Ideal. Order now to be sure that you get the films you want on the dates you want . . . 16mm sound motion pictures that are perfect for your church, school, club, business or home celebration. Check the titles you want, and indicate preferred playing dates, on the list below.

_____ LITTLEST ANGEL *(13 min.)*—The tender story of the "lowliest" of the angels and his humble gift to Christ. *Daily Rental:* ☐ in color, $10.00; ☐ b&w, $5.00

_____ GOLGOTHA *(97 min.)*—The Life of Christ, told with reverence, power and beauty. *Daily Rental:* $25.00

_____ THE GUIDING STAR *(30 min.)*—The rewards of religion in everyday living. *Daily Rental:* $8.00

_____ HOLY NIGHT *(30 min.)*—A stirring presentation of the Nativity and early years of Christ. *Daily Rental:* $15.00

_____ THE CHILD OF BETHLEHEM *(22 min.)*—A reverent portrayal of the Life of Christ from birth through His twelfth year. *Daily Rental:* during December, $12.00

_____ SCROOGE *(95 min.)*—All the beloved characters of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." *Daily Rental:* $20.00

Send this ad, with your name, address and organization to your nearest Ideal dealer, or to the home office listed below. *Remember, these are only a few of the many fine 16mm films-for-Christmas your local Ideal manager has available. Ask him for a complete list.* Or, if you prefer, write to:

®Ideal Pictures DEPT. C-311
65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proposition, and in the process they cleaned up half a million. Later, edged out of professional football, Pyle persuaded top amateur tennis players to turn professional. He sent them across the country with a traveling tennis court, and raked in another half-million.

But early in 1927, when the tennis tour began to run out of steam, Pyle chanced upon a news item about some Tarahumara Indians who had just completed an 80-mile run from San Antonio to Austin, Texas. Immediately he summoned newspapermen.

"This is the Golden Age of the Foot," he proclaimed. "I'm going to make America foot-conscious!"

He unveiled a plan for a marathon to end all marathons, a gigantic foot race from the Pacific to the Atlantic. It would be run in daily heats of 30 to 70 miles. Contestants who reached the finish in the shortest consecutive running time would win with checks totaling $50,000.

When one skeptic pointed out you can't charge admission to a race run over the public highways, and asked where all the cash was coming from, the big ballyhoo man of commercialized sports nonchalantly waved his magic wand.

"We'll offer big prizes and get a big field of famous runners from all over the world," he said. "Each will pay a $25 entry fee. We'll run through thousands of cities and villages. Spectators by the thousands will flock in to see the race pass through. That means advertising for the towns and money for local merchants. And each town will be assessed so much for advertising."

It was not for nothing that Pyle was known as "Cash and Carry." By the time it got under way, the great Bunion Derby was a solvent business.

On the afternoon of March 4, 1928, the spat of a starter's pistol and a lusty cheer from the crowd that jammed Ascot Park in Los Angeles, sent 275 runners from 15 different nations jogging off on the historic 3,422-mile jaunt across the continent.

No sports event ever drew a stranger list of entries. It included professional runners and amateur pedestrians, with a sprinkling of crackpots and plain eccentrics. They were of all nationalities, ages, shapes and colors.

They jogged jauntily out of the park, youngsters matching steps with gray-haired men. The rules were simple: "Go as you please but go afoot, and get there." Each participant had to check in at the next control point by midnight, or be disqualified.

Right from the start the leaders set a rugged pace. Willi Kolehmainen, a fleet Finn, negotiated the 16 miles to the first stop in one hour and 38 minutes. Contestants strung out ten miles along the highway began to fall out, gasping for breath. Some 77 ambitious starters never did make it to the check point that first day.

As the runners reached Puente, they were flagged into tents set up at the local Fair Grounds to evade crowds who wanted a free look. Soon after dark, arc lights were turned on in the carnival tents, music began to blare from radios, side-show barkers shouted.

After some 300 customers paid a quarter and walked into an enclosure, Red Grange appeared on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE FUN!

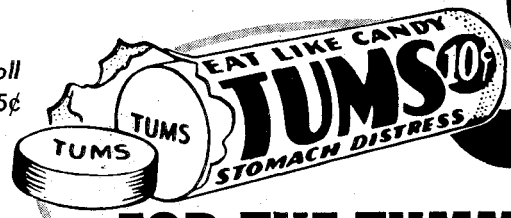
TUMS

without Heartburn, Acid Indigestion

When you're out for a good time, don't let sour stomach spoil your fun. Just be sure to take TUMS, after eating. With incredible speed, TUMS bring sweet comfort to your stomach. For these wonderful antacids neutralize the excess acid that causes heartburn and acid indigestion.

TUMS contain no soda. Cannot over-alkalize or irritate delicate stomach or intestinal lining.

Still only 10¢ a roll
3-roll package 25¢



GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA

FOR THE TUMMY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

platform. He described the race as "the world's greatest sporting event," eulogized Pyle, and introduced some of the runners. One cracked jokes; another sang songs; a third gave imitations of a steamboat whistle.

Early next morning, the 198 contestants started off in a drizzle of rain for Bloomington, 34.7 miles away. On the third day, 12 more footsore bunioneers dropped out.

And so it went, day after day, on laps of 30 to 70 miles. From chill mountain roads the runners plunged into the Mojave Desert, where their bodies were baked. It took them nine days to reach the Colorado River and cross into Arizona. By then, only 127 of the original 275 remained.

Some gave out in mountain snow drifts, others foundered in desert sands. Pat De Marr of Los Angeles was ousted for hitching a ride with a motorist.

Those who remained began to run out of footwear. One, Mike Kelly of Indiana, wired his mother: "My shoes are about gone. Send Dad's old ones."

At the head of the parade rode Pyle, in a triumphal procession that included Red Grange's snappy red roadster; a fleet of trucks to transport tents and bedding; a mobile broadcasting station; and a luxurious trailer set aside exclusively for the working press. But Pyle himself was beginning to feel a throb in his pocketbook. Things weren't going according to plan.

In the midst of the New Mexican desert, the company that had contracted to feed the outfit at $2 per day per person announced it was unable to do so at that price. It demanded an increase to $3. Pyle raged, but was told to take it or leave it. He elected to cancel the contract and farm out the feeding concession to small lunchrooms along the route.

Acute indigestion, cramps and general breakdowns began to take a vicious toll of the contestants. By the time the first 1,000-mile mark was passed at Santa Rosa, New Mexico, only 93 remained. Newspapermen caustically predicted that "Corn and Callous" Pyle would have to halt his "Aching Dog Caravan" and open recruiting offices for new "slaves."

At Oklahoma City, one of Pyle's former football associates sued to attach the $5,000 guaranteed by the local Chamber of Commerce. At Chandler, Oklahoma, near the halfway mark, several runners went on strike, demanding daily prizes in addition to final awards. Naturally they didn't get their demands, and that left about 80 in the running.

But the hardest blow fell as the 70 surviving marathoners straggled into Chicago on May 5th. A payment of $60,000 promised there by an association of towns along U. S. Highway 66 fell through because "Cash and Carry" had failed to fulfill his contract.

So far, he had sunk between $150,000 and $200,000 in the promotion scheme. Now he figured to wind up about $75,000 in the red.

It was too late to stop now, however. The reduced field of 56 struggled on, over the Appalachians where steep downgrade produced shin splints that subjected the runners to tortures. And finally on May 25th, after nearly three months of martyrdom, they came within sight

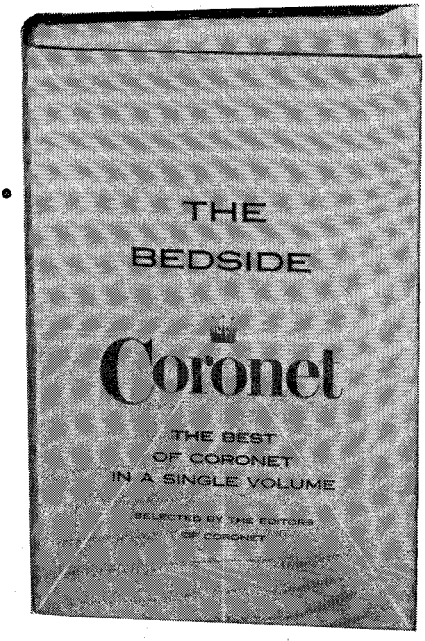
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE

A New Book to be Published Soon, Available *Now* to Coronet Readers

Here are 396 pages of heartwarming stories, inspiring lessons from everyday life, adventures, profiles, and a generous sprinkling of laughter—culled from the best in Coronet over the last ten years. A special board of Coronet Editors has prepared in *The Bedside Coronet* an anthology unmatched for entertainment value. Every page sparkles with enjoyment, created by writers and celebrities such as Dale Carnegie, Alfred Hitchcock, Harpo Marx, Henry Seidel Canby, Channing Pollock, Mrs. Glenn Frank, Carlton Fredericks, Dr. Henry C. Link, and over sixty others.

A wonderful treat for yourself . . . a perfect gift . . . the most colorful array of reading pleasure in years. Reserve your Pre-Publication Copy of *The Bedside Coronet* now.



Beautiful, durable blue binding, gold-stamped, a fine addition to your library. Actual size 5½ by 8¼ inches. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Only $3.95

USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER TODAY

Coronet Dept. B-3, Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, N.Y.

Please send me..... *First Edition Copies of THE BEDSIDE CORONET (\$3.95 per copy).*

☐ *I am enclosing*.....* ☐ *Bill me later*

name.....address.....

city.....zone.....state.....

*New York City residents please add 3% sales tax

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the soaring towers of Manhattan, which some had never seen before.

The few hundred spectators at the New York terminus of the Weehawken Ferry that evening saw a sight they would not soon forget. Off the ferry limped 55 runners with lean, flat bodies, burned black by sun. A few were almost nude, their thin legs smooth and shiny. They moved at a tortured, hitching gait as the pack set off on the run to Madison Square Garden. An Austrian, Anton Islet, leaned for support on two pals. A gangling youth named Pederson hunched painfully along on heavily bandaged feet. Another contestant, Eugene German, seemed able to move only crabwise.

Pyle assured reporters that the runners were in fine fettle. "All the boys are in marvelous health," he chortled, "from the ankles up!"

A doctor who examined the "boys" demurred. He said that the grueling, enervating grind had cost each finishing contestant at least ten years of his life.

Eventually they reached Madison Square Garden and the official end of the race. But their ordeal was not yet over. To wring every dollar out of spectators, Pyle kept his men circling around a small board track for 20 miles more. They moved apathetically, while the desperate promoter urged them on. "Come on fellows!" he roared. "Show 'em what I've brought to New York! Let's streak it up, boys!"

A disgusted columnist commented: "The spectacle is about as inspiring as wet wash on a sagging clothesline."

RUMORS BEGAN to circulate that Pyle was broke, but finally, on June 1st, the payoff actually took place. A brass band blared in the nearly empty Garden as the little promoter, arrayed in a bright green shirt, stepped into the spotlight with Tex Rickard. Then, to a smattering of applause from 500 cash customers, the grinding of movie cameras and the popping of flashbulbs, the winner stepped forward to receive his $25,000 reward. He was Andy Payne, 20-year-old part-Cherokee farm boy from Oklahoma, who had covered the 3,422.3 miles in a total running time of 573 hours, 4 minutes and 34 seconds.

Second prize, $10,000, went to 35-year-old Johnny Salo of Passaic, New Jersey. Third prize of $5,000 went to Philip Granville from Hamilton, Ontario, and fourth ($2,500) to Mike Joyce, an ex-bartender of Cleveland. The six leading also-rans each got $1,000.

The 45 others who had remained in the race to the bitter end got only a pat on the back. Perhaps they didn't deserve more. After all, it had taken them 84 days to run across the continent. Eighteen years before, Edward Payson Weston had walked it in 77 days.

PHOTO CREDITS: 6 (top), Warner Brothers; (bottom-left), 20th Century-Fox; (bottom-right), Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; 12 (top), Bob Brooks from Black Star; (bottom-left), American Airlines; (bottom-right), D. W. Fletcher from Black Star; 71, 2, 5, 6, 9, 80, 3, 4, 6, Leonard von Matt from *Papstium und Vatikan* published by NZN, Verlag, Zurich, from Rapho-Guillumette; 111-125, Samuel Goldwyn Prod.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by Coronet for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CHRISTMAS MOVIE...

THE "Littlest Angel"

The greatest Christmas story of modern times—made into an unforgettable, heartwarming movie —is again available for showing in your home, school, church or club. Taken from the memorable classic and produced by Coronet Films, the tender tale of the Littlest Angel—whose voice squeaks at choir practice and whose halo keeps slipping over his eyes—captures the true spirit of Christmas itself.

Other 16mm sound motion pictures that are also ideal for Christmas-time showings include: *The Sleeping Beauty*, *The Three Wishes*, *King Midas and The Golden Touch*, *The Enchanted River*, *Legend of The Pied Piper* and *A Visit From St. Nicholas*. These delightful Coronet films, available in black and white or color, will be much in demand for the approaching Yuletide season. So, to avoid disappointment, make your plans now. Contact your nearest 16mm film rental library or write directly to:

Coronet Films CORONET BUILDING CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THANKSGIVING

• A New Health
• A New Life
• A New Hope For The Little People

And the little people write their Foster Parents:

"I cannot send the words for thanking . . . you cannot imagine the joy in receiving my first pair of shoes . . ." Erica Shoppe, age 9, Western Germany.

"They took my mother and they did hang her for seven days . . . they took my father and killed him. If it was not for you to protect me I would have died from hunger . . ." Dimitrios Markis, aged 10, Greece.

"I have now better food and my health is improved. I thank the Lord He sent me such good people for help . . ." Margot Lavelle, age 11, France.

"Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging.

The Plan is non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England and Western Germany and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Department of State.

Funds are needed desperately for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, artificial eyes, that the children who have suffered so cruelly may have the necessary aids to give them some comfort, hope and love. Your help is not only vital to a child struggling for life itself—but also toward world understanding and friendship. Your help can mean—and do—so much. Won't you share with one of them please and let some child love you?

Contributions Deductible From Income Tax. 15th Anniversary Year—1937-1952

Foster Parents' Plan For War Children, Inc.

55 W. 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Arturo Toscanini, Mary Pickford, Mrs. William Paley, Jean Tennyson, Helen Hayes, Edward R. Murrow, Larry Le Seur, Ned Calmer, Senator and Mrs. Paul Douglas.

©1952 FPP for WC Inc.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC. LO. 4-6647 (C11-52)
55 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.
In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Station B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex..... I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

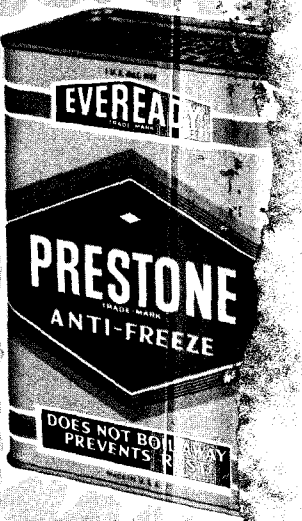
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....DATE.....

Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No other anti-freeze gives your car the same complete protection!



WITH **PRESTONE** ANTI-FREEZE

You're SET

Just put "Prestone" anti-freeze in and forget it till spring! No "boil-away" worries . . . no repair bills — its special inhibitors give the world's best protection.

You're SAFE

High compression engines now make non-evaporating anti-freeze more important. There's no boil-away alcohol or methanol in "Prestone" anti-freeze.

You're S

With "Presto anti-freeze, y you've boug No other gives your c complete pro guaranteed!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
A Division of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

The terms "Prestone" and "Eveready" are registered trade-marks of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

$3.75 PER GAL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED